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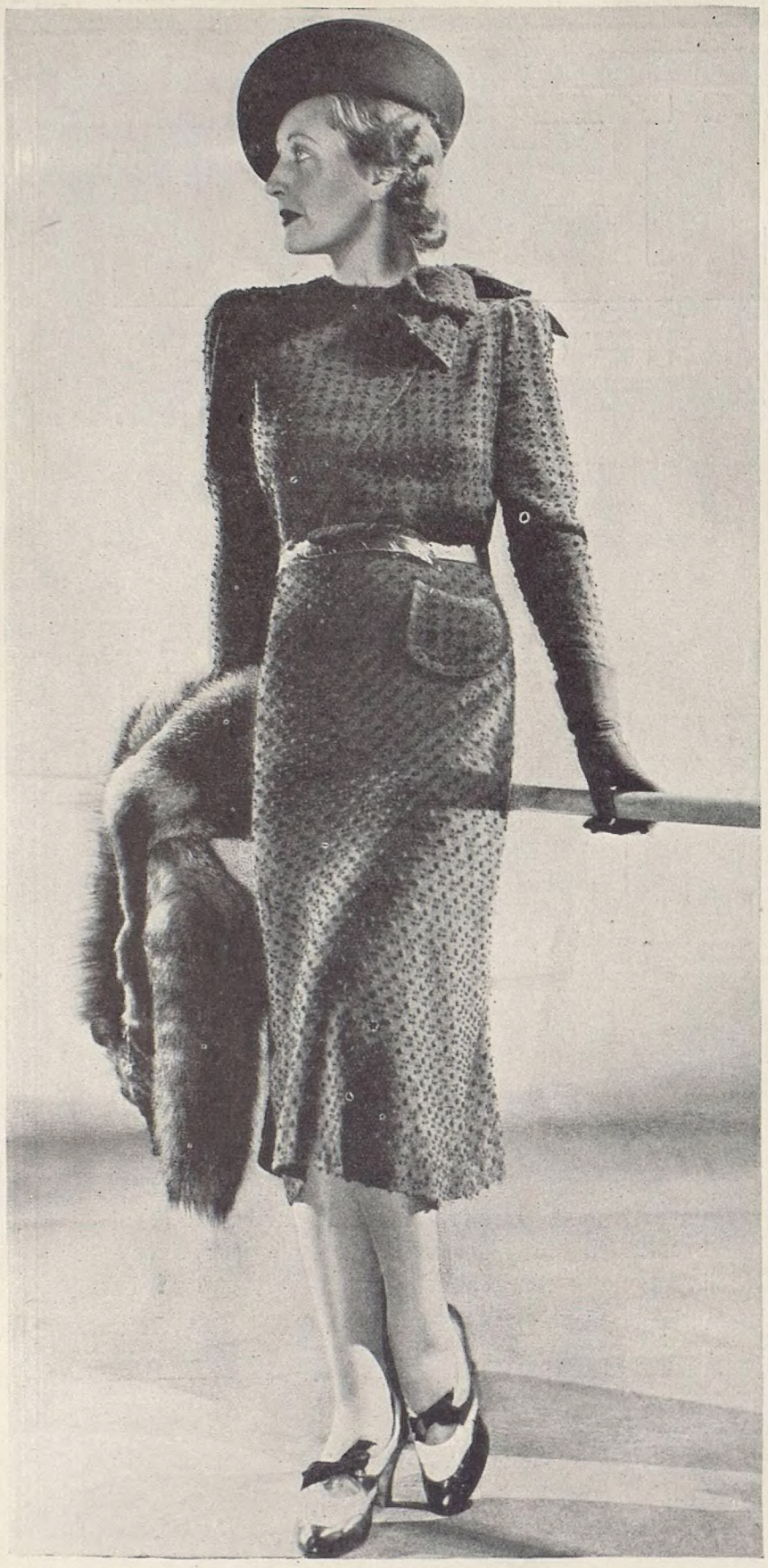

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of barracks — Mr. Belisha hopes to raise his needed recruits and to raise them moreover from a higher standard of citizens.

MEN AND MACHINES.—

It is the season of military manœuvres. Italy first, then Britain, and then France. The autumn manœuvres of Europe's new armies are a serious business and no opportunity is missed to try out new ideas. The armies may be called mechanised armies but the man has lost none of his importance. He must still be at hand to touch off the latest devices for murder on a large scale, and in the last resort he must settle the issue by dying and conquering in the last ditch. The French manœuvres covered a vast area from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and many novel ideas were put to the test. One—a surely forlorn hope—proved the case for the continued importance of the private soldier. Planes went out over the "enemy" lines carrying a demolition party of forty men. They were dropped by parachutes behind the lines in the neighbourhood of an important bridge on the lines of communication and effected its destruction by surprise—or claimed to have done so. No doubt the coup would be well worth the bones of two score grenadiers. Vain glory or . . . . ?

GEORGE WRIGHT.—

George Wright of Boston who died last week deserves more than a three line paragraph. He was ninety when he died but he achieved some notable things. He it was who introduced to Americans both golf and baseball. He built the first golf course in the States—giving Boston that honour; he managed the first lawn-tennis team in America and he was the father of the American singles champion, Beals Wright, who fell only to Anthony Wilding at Wimbledon in 1910. It must strike many people as very curious that a man who was living in 1937 introduced to America both baseball and golf. Baseball, America kept to herself and she always shone at the game. But golf she began to play with humility, and for a decade or more after the game had become the rage, she felt no confidence that she could ever compete on level terms with the Old Country. An American friend told me the other day that one of the prime causes of that brief period of American contempt for Britain—now happily a mere unpleasant memory—was the realisation that she could compete with Britain and thrash her at her own games which the Old Country had played for centuries. It was that success in games, far more than her financial and economic prosperity, which led America for a brief period to look down on Britain as a decayed and one-horse race; time and chance have adjusted that outlook.

THE CHARM OF KINGUSSIE.

—Of all the valleys in the Highlands of Scotland, the long and lovely valley which runs from Newton More to Carr Bridge, is watered by Spey and Feshie, and includes the villages of Kingussie and Aviemore, has always had my vote in a Highland Beauty Contest. The great Cairngorm group dominates it, and these mountains combine, as few of their size in Scotland do, the grandeur of height with the gentleness of downland. In the evening light they change from pink and gold to purple and sepia, and are in turn opalescent and clear-cut as if carved out of jet or ivory. Comprised in the beauties of the valley are the fair lands of Rothiemurchus and the ancient forest of Glenmore, steeped in history from the times of the Romans and the Druids down to the '45. A bloody and tragic history for the most part, yet, so lovely and peaceful is the setting, so serene and fertile the lochs and cornfields, that nothing of tragedy can be felt while the sun still rises above the mountain tops. In winter it may be otherwise. I have always known this valley in summer and never failed to find there a matchless comfort and peace. The Wolf of Badenoch and his brutalities are forgotten, his fastnesses in ruin speak only of beauty. Loch-an-Eilean, Loch Insch with its calling bell and place of worship in regular use for a thousand years, Glenfeshie, Invereshie, the very names are a sweet symphony and are but inadequate labels of the beauties they designate. And so to-day the general public clearly agrees. The Cairngorms are no longer the preserves of stalkers and ptarmigan hunters. The paths and drove-roads to Braemar are shared by hikers male and female in garments of every shade of colour; the salmon pools contain more fair and bare ladies than fish, and the tenants of the remoter lodges often eat their breakfasts before the eyes of the early inquisitive hikers. It is certainly a place whose loveliness all classes should share in enjoying. It is the first choice for a British National Park.

A CENTURY OF CHANGE.

—I paid a first visit to a shooting lodge in these parts last week, and my visit joined the tally to a curious coincidence. In looking at an old game book I saw that exactly 100 years ago to a day (in August, 1837), my grandfather as a young man had arrived at the same lodge. *He* had travelled up from London by sea to Dundee and driven half across Scotland by stages along rough tracks and behind horses, spending whole days on the journey. *I* had travelled in a short day's journey along smooth roads from Grantham into Scotland. *He* came to a tiny stone house containing one living room and small bedrooms with narrow windows at nearly ground level. *I* came to a congeries of buildings which still embody the old stone cottage, but is now a "lodge" only by courtesy; for it has the capacity to hold in great comfort quite thirty people, and is equipped with every modern comfort from electric power down to constant hot water in innumerable bathrooms, and the London papers—early editions though they may be—waiting "on the breakfast table." Indeed, the sharp contrasts between our visits at either end of a hundred years were only relieved by one thing in common. It is a good grouse moor, but neither of us found any grouse on the moor. But any amount of other sport. . . . I doubt if he enjoyed himself more than I, though he had a wonderful capacity for enjoying life.

"STRAW WITHOUT BRICKS."

—I do not say that Miss Delafield's popular *Straw Without Bricks* is "good holiday reading" in the accepted sense. But I do regard it as a book English folk, who think, should read carefully. Miss Delafield lived for some months on a communal farm, some distance from Rostov, and her account "presents a doleful picture" of communal life where men and women toil for the State without holiday, without hope, without the power to rise by merit, without possessions, without a home (for the shelter of a single unfurnished room in a wooden shack cannot be called a "home"), without literature, art, or recreation of any kind, without sanitation, and apparently without much success in their total sacrifice of all that Englishmen at least hold dear. One interest keeps them going—faith and pride in the tremendous experiment they are making for civilisation's benefit. Are they happy? Not on the surface. It is impertinent to offer a theory about the condition of mind of the saddest looking man or woman. But if they are serene, they do not show it. Miss Delafield told them that, if the Bolshevik revolution ever came about in England, it would not develop that way. She was no doubt right. Individuality is too strongly developed in our natures. Not for us the undoubted peace which comes to men who have abandoned hope, and responsibility, and the anxieties of possessions, and the maintenance of social status. For us these things may make wrinkles but they provide colour to life also and we would not part with our anxieties. Heavens, what a picture of utter soul-destroying drabness Miss Delafield has drawn!

SOARING.—

Up they soar, the prices of commodities according to the inexorable laws which the Government (like Canute and the tides) made no doubt they could control. First it was coal, now it is steel. The plain man never supposed it could be otherwise, since he based his calculations on the simple laws of supply and demand. But the bureaucrats have the mentality of Canute and the hubris of Canute and all their boasts and promises are pie crust. The industries laugh at their control and raise their prices. So Lord Nuffield handled the cigar-smoking steel magnates very roughly and threatened to go elsewhere for his steel. But the magnates, entrenched in what they believed to be a monopoly, merely smile and light fresh cigars. Up goes everything. Your building materials, your coal, your coke, your steel, your very whisky, will cost you more; and all the Government statistics and promises in the world will not succeed in convincing you, when you come to examine your personal account, that the cost of living is not rising, as you knew, without a shadow of doubt, it was bound to do during a race in armaments.

THE OLD STAGER

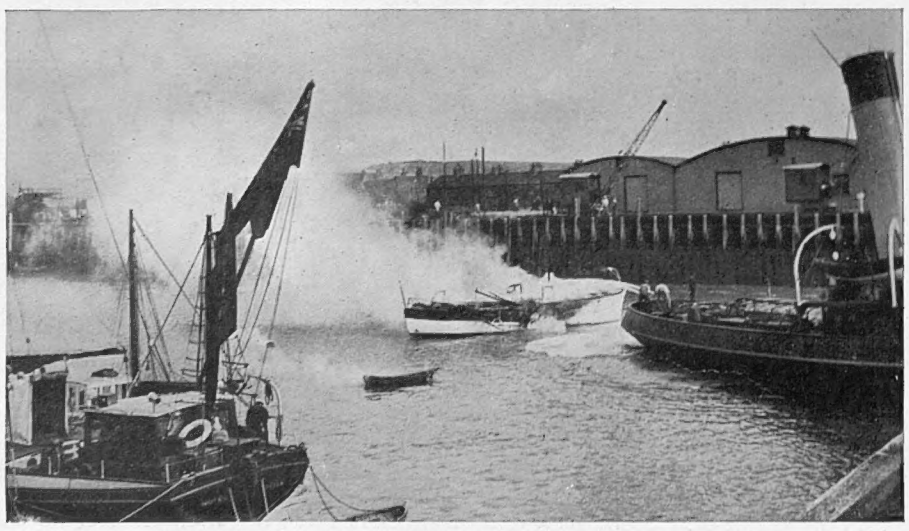
ROMANY RITES IN YORKSHIRE: A maiden presenting a goblet of wine to Gipsy Petulengro during the ceremonial in the little moorland town of Baildon, near Bradford, prior to his coronation as King of the Gipsies. For over two centuries Baildon has been famed for its gipsy parties, for which the townspeople dress up in traditional gipsy attire, but this year the presence of Petulengro and his friends, who are, of course, real Romanies, gave the event an added interest and significance

THE GIPSY BRIDE JUMPS THROUGH THE FIRE: Eileena Smith participating in the elaborate ritual during her marriage to Leon Petulengro, nephew of the Gipsy King, at Baildon, Yorkshire. The wedding, which was one of the big events of the Baildon "Gipsy Party," was held according to Church of England and Romany rites the first part taking place in the parish church, with the Rev. P. Anderson officiating, and the second in the open air, under the direction of the bridegroom's uncle. Numerous Romanies, and visitors from many parts of Yorkshire watched the proceedings

IN THE HEADLINES

AN EARLY START TO THE HOP-PICKING SEASON: A family party at work in the gardens at Sarnden, Kent, where picking is now in full swing rather before the usual time, and growers are looking forward to a bumper crop. During the past week more than 50,000 Londoners arriving by train, by lorry, and on foot, have invaded the "Garden of England" for what is to them their annual holiday. An experienced picker can easily earn 6s. a day

BRITAIN'S WOUNDED AMBASSADOR IN CHINA: Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, who is pictured here with his wife and one of his daughters, was reported last Saturday to be making quite satisfactory progress from the wounds received in an attack made upon his party by a Japanese aeroplane when His Excellency was travelling by car to Shanghai



FATE OF A CABIN CRUISER: Hoses being directed on the motor yacht, *Odtaa*, when she caught fire in Newhaven Harbour last Monday shortly after taking on sixty gallons of petrol under the surveillance of her skipper, Miss Rosalind Griffiths, of London. Realising the danger to other shipping, bystanders released the mooring ropes and pushed the craft into midstream where the Southern Railway Company's tugs, *Foremost II* and *Richmere*, subdued the blaze with water from their pumps. Miss Griffiths and her companions were rescued

FELICITATIONS: A. C. Dobson being congratulated by his wife after winning the 200 miles scratch race organised by the Junior Car Club at Donnington Park, near Derby, in the face of strong Continental opposition. The winner, who drove H. W. Cook's supercharged 1,500 cc. E.R.A., had only recently returned from Switzerland where he had won the Grand Prix de Berne

"BERT": KNIGHT OF THE ROAD

One Hears Him Thundering by in the Darkness, this Man, so Typical of His Kind, whose Forebears must Surely have Driven the Mail Coaches

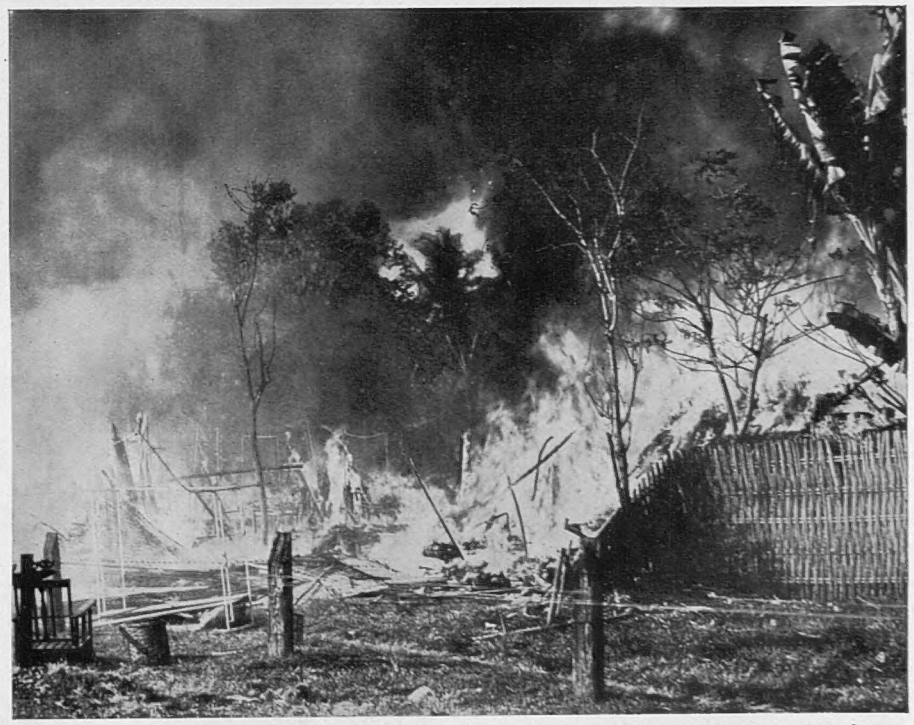
I MET him first—over a cup of tea and a ham-roll—at four o'clock on a fine June morning. An aching leg had made sleep impossible and tea highly desirable, but being too lazy to make it for myself I had walked 200 yards up the East Coast road to an all-night café that caters mainly for lorry drivers. Born and brought up at the back of the Surrey Docks, Bert—I don't know his surname to this day—is by profession the driver of a lorry and trailer on the Walthamstow-to-Ely trip. By nature he is what Arnold Bennett would have called a "card," but yet very typical of these modern "knights of the road." He is something more as well. Put him in a beaver top-hat, a blue frock-coat with brass buttons, sit him on the Oxford coach—ribbons in one hand, whip in the other—and you would realise that he is the natural, unaltered descendant of generations of mail coach drivers. With one difference; the mail coachmen drank beer, while Bert drinks tea and a pint or so on his day off only.

Through Bert I came to be admitted—by virtue of having been on the road myself some years ago in a circus—to what is the most remarkable industrial fraternity in the country composed of some 550,000 lorry drivers and their mates, plus an unknown number of café and lodging house keepers and a small number of publicans. The motoring public sees them all day and every day, often sadly misjudges them, and those who live on main roads hear them thundering by in the night. Yet the ordinary motorist knows little of the road transport men, their habits, opinions, and their life of broken days and nights, though Bert and his pals can tell you quite a lot about motorists. But let there be no mistake about it. These men of the road are grand men, courageous, loyal to one another, individualists, mostly temperate, tough as nails, rough of speech, sometimes ready of fist or box spanner if need be, but a colonel who had a battalion of them in war would be a very fortunate man. And nine out of ten of them are the best, the safest, and the most considerate drivers on the road to-day.

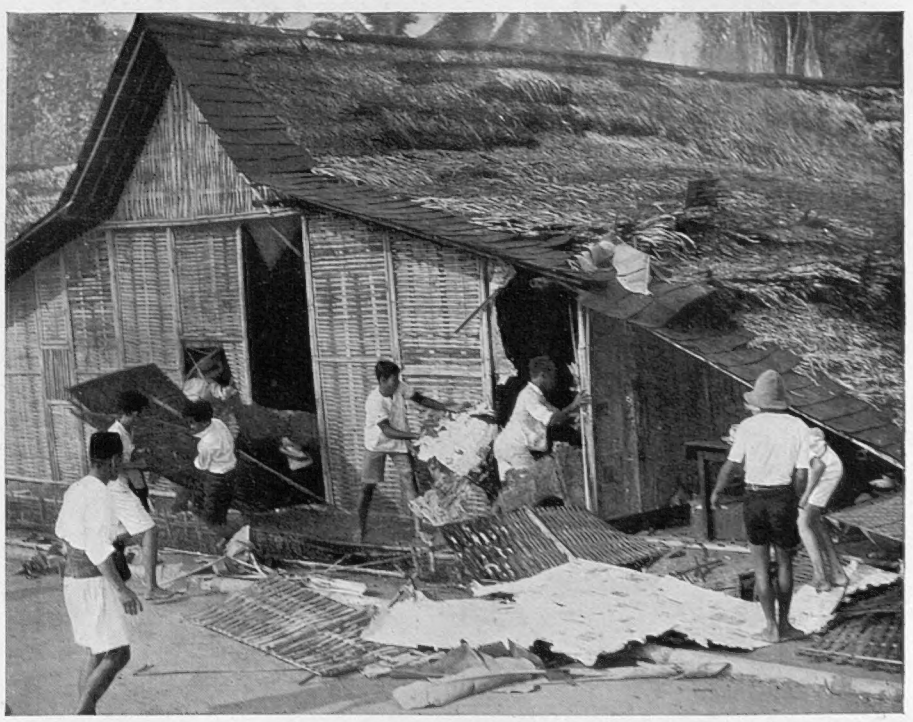
The hours they work are shrouded in mystery. Officially they are eleven hours on with a ten-hour break, with fixed rest periods of half-an-hour every five hours that must be taken off the lorry, the usual place being with head on arms on a café table. Actually some men working for small contractors with a share in the lorries they drive work ninety to a hundred hours a week, and think themselves lucky if they get two nights out of seven in bed. Bert works for a well-known transport concern, keeps regular hours and rests, gets 65/- a week as a high-grade driver with a trailer but thinks he is doing well to get three nights and his day off at

ENGLAND'S BIGGEST SHEEP SALE took place at Craven Arms, Shropshire, on August 27, when South Shropshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, and Herefordshire breeders put up 25,000 ewes at auction, some of which are depicted here—closely packed in their pens—awaiting the start of proceedings. Craven Arms is perhaps the most easily accessible town on the Welsh Marches

LEST WE FORGET: A general view of the ceremony at Shorncliffe Garrison Cemetery, near Folkestone, last Monday, when busts of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians were unveiled at the mausoleum for Belgian soldiers who died of wounds at Shorncliffe sustained in the early days of the war during fighting on the Yser. Seven hundred Belgians were present at the unveiling, the pilgrimage having come over under the leadership of Baron van Zuylen van Nyevelt, the Belgian Military Commandant at Folkestone in 1914



2,000 PEOPLE WERE RENDERED HOMELESS when this disastrous fire recently swept through a village near Batavia, Java, destroying flimsy wooden houses in the space of a few seconds and devouring everything within its path. Fire engines worked all day but failed to check the blaze which is believed to have arisen through some coals falling out of a grate



A RACE AGAINST THE FLAMES: Inhabitants of the blazing village near Batavia, Java, attempting to rescue their belongings before the fire took hold of their homes. It is easy to understand how these rudely constructed dwellings of thatch and lath provided fuel for the blaze as it swept forward at such an alarming rate that nothing could be done

home. Turn and turn about he does day and night trips, grouses no more than an old soldier—Salonika, Palestine, and North Russia—should, has a fourteen years' clean licence, several safety first certificates and a medal. He has also another certificate he never mentions, one for dragging a man out of the cab of a blazing oil lorry.

Not a bad job, you may say, out in the open air, decent money and independence from foremen and the like. No, not a bad job at all on fine days, but who wants it when the fog rolls up from the Fens like a blanket to shroud the Ely-Cambridge road, when the falling leaves of autumn combine with the rain to make the Epping Forest road a skating rink, when a bitter wind straight from the steppes cuts across the country between Stortford and Cambridge. Or when a back axle "packs up" at two o'clock on a December morning, a trailer coupling breaks and deposits trailer and contents in the drawing-room of a wayside villa, or a load of sixty crates of live chickens slips without warning into the road. The "knights of the road" take these sorts of incidents in their stride and make them the subject of amusing gossip, but when one of them is killed or injured, the word goes up and down the road on which he works, and a "sub" is taken up for him. Likewise a driver with a break-down can be sure of another lorry pulling up to help him or give "a tow in." The fraternity of the road is in many ways strangely like the fraternity of the sea.

Strange tales are told over the cups of tea and coffee that are drunk in the night hours up and down the main roads of Britain. Of the "killer" lorry on the Great North Road that killed four drivers without hardly scratching its own paint or denting a wing. After that men refused to take it on the road, although it was apparently mechanically sound, and the owner sent it to the scrap heap. Of the man who stole a lorry at Norwich and gave himself up to the police at Newmarket because driving it had frightened him into a state of nervous exhaustion. Of the two crooks who held up a lorry south of Carlisle one night and compelled the driver to take them to Preston, and how eventually he drove them in style to Preston police station neatly tied up with load ropes.

And so the work goes on, day and night, year in, year out, in sunshine and storm, rain, snow, mud, and hail, of carrying the nation's goods up and down the roads of Britain. As I write they thunder past my gate. Trusses of hay and straw for London's railway horses, groceries for the shops of East Anglia, petrol for a hundred pumps, clattering churns of milk, crates of fat Suffolk hens for Jewish dinner tables, cement for London's flats, artificial manure for Norfolk farms. Next time your "speed six" or your family "ten" is held up behind one of these lorries be patient with the driver and remember his job is not so easy as yours. Should you doubt this, try driving a lorry load of hay trusses across Newmarket Heath in a gale. With the development of road transport there has been created a new community over 1,300,000 strong including the 550,000 drivers and mates, 101,000 mechanics and 210,000 workers on public vehicles. Salute them, for they are playing their part in building the new industrial Britain.

J. B. W.

SANTANDER FALLS TO

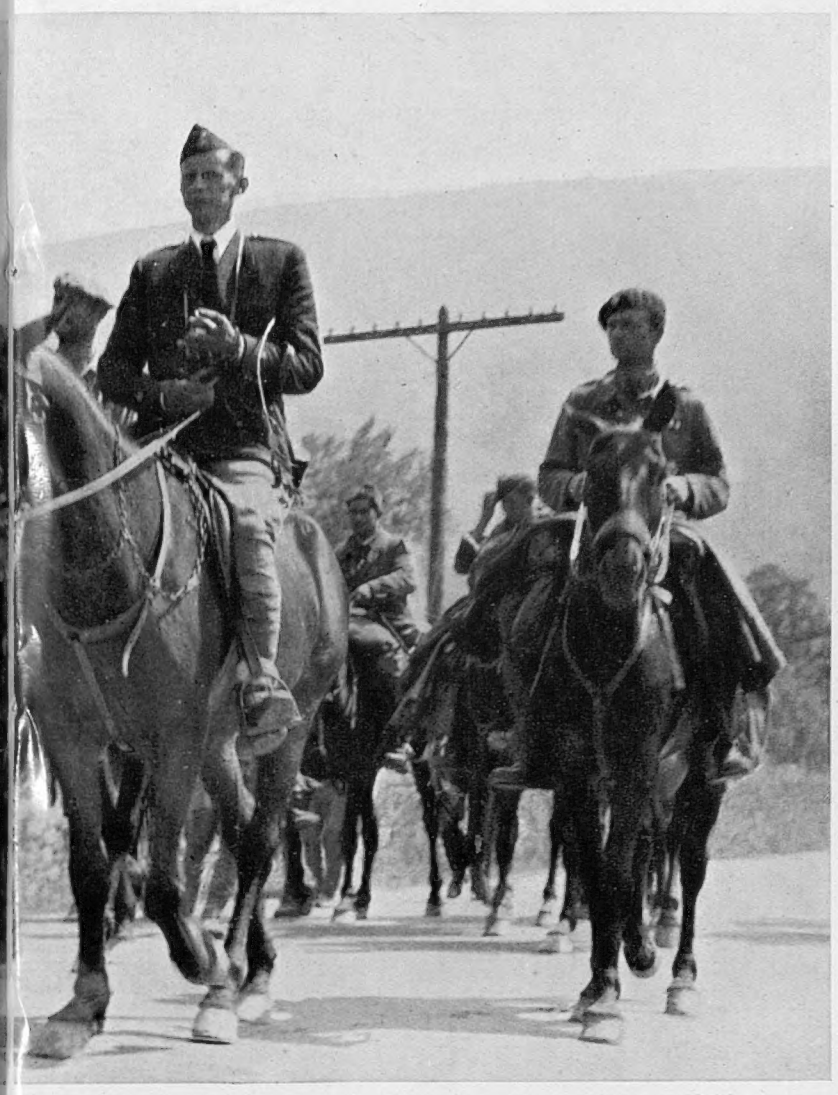
ENTERING THE TAKEN CITY: Rebel soldiers marching through the streets of Santander after this Castilian seaport had fallen into the hands of General Franco, giving him a prize almost as important as Bilbao and one that has certainly done much to enhance his prestige. The buildings in this picture were either destroyed by bombs or by retreating defenders, but on the whole the city is not severely damaged

CEREMONIAL MARCH: Rebel officers passing through the country on the way to Santander remaining populace who displayed the red and gold flag from balconies and housetops ten miles to the south-west, the encirclement of Santander was complete, and it only authorities to seal the fate of the place. Thus control of the seaport was obtained fighting and the wanton destruction of many buildings. The Basque President, Señor

SPOILS OF VICTORY: Rebel soldiers sorting out arms taken from some of the 35,000 Government troops who had no alternative but to surrender following the encirclement of Santander and the simultaneous rising of Franco's supporters in the city

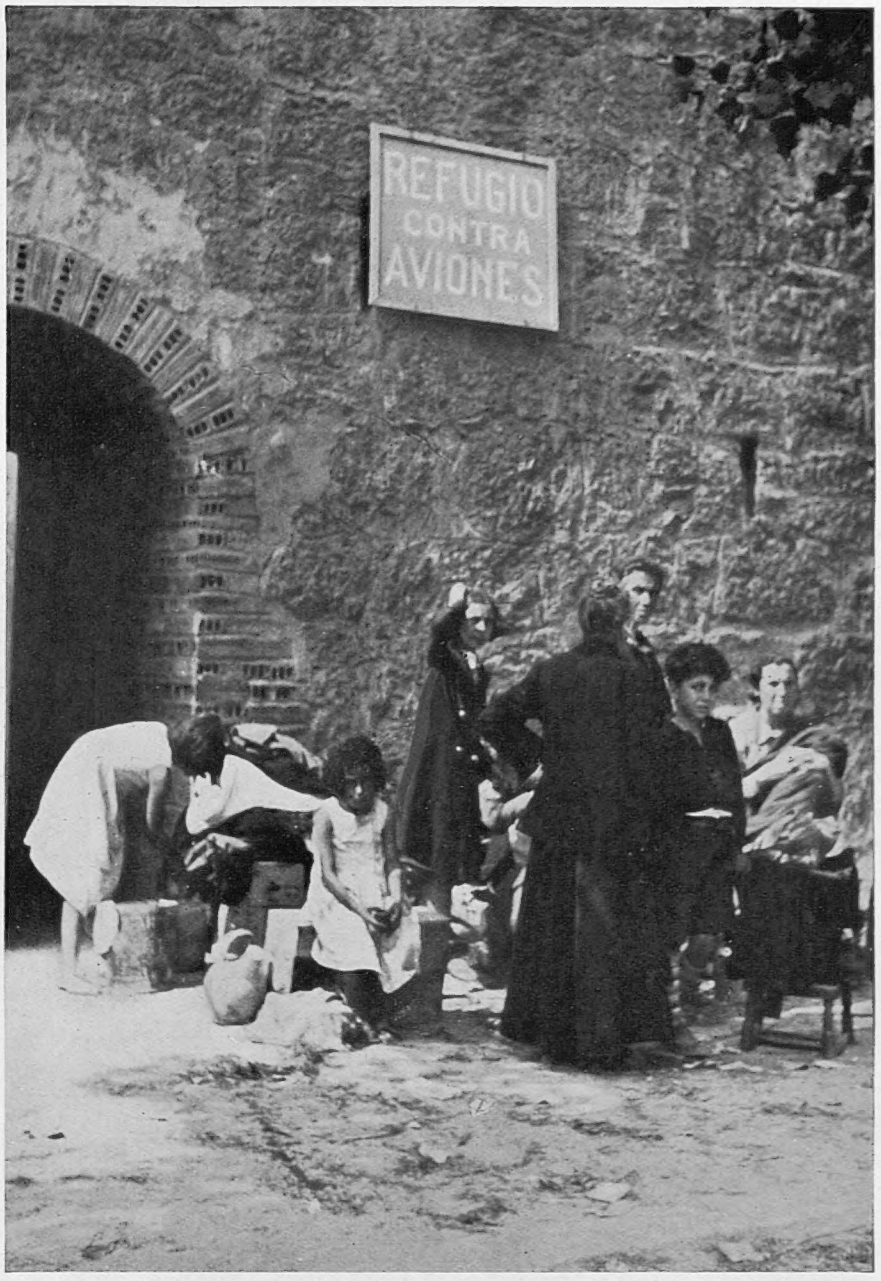
A GOOD RECEPTION FOR THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION: This girl, who is seen standing rebel colours, was only one of many women in Santander who showed their jubilation since the start of the civil war. While Franco's losses were heavy, particularly during

GENERAL FRANCO



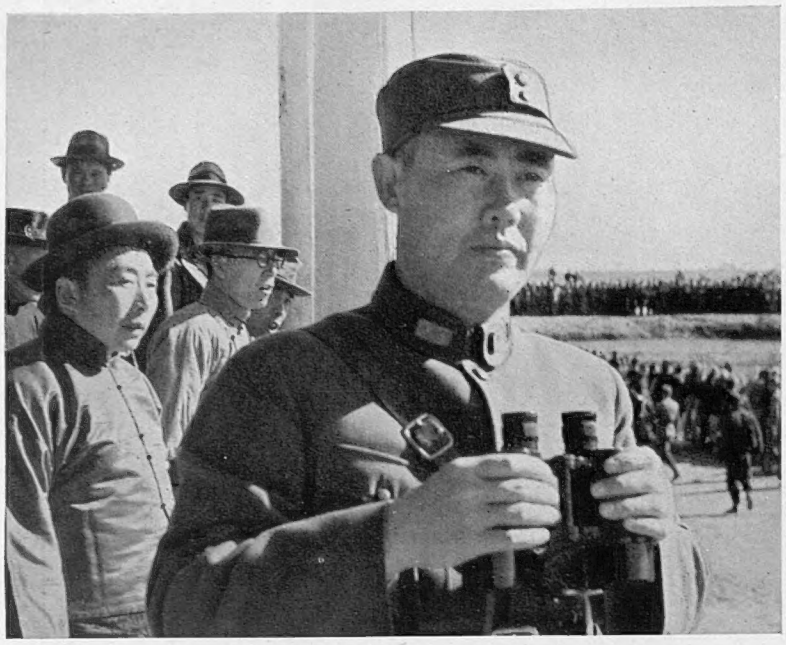
where later they were welcomed with enthusiasm by a large percentage of the and shouted vociferously, "Long live Franco." After the fall of Torrelavega, some remained for the rebel supporters in the city to rise against the Government before the advancing troops arrived, the coup helping to avoid further days of heavy Aguirre, and other members of the Government made their escape to France by boat

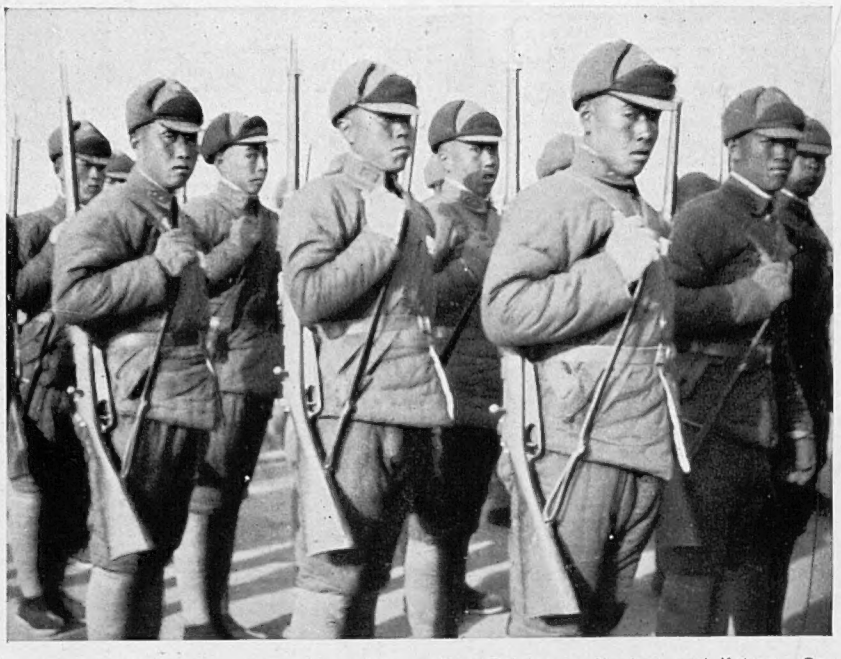
on a whippet tank and presenting a soldier with a doll dressed in the red and gold at the capture of the place which had been in the hands of the Government ever the last momentous twelve days of the attack, the defenders paid even more dearly



BACK TO NORMAL AFTER WEEKS OF ANXIETY: Peasants, who had sought refuge in Santander during the fighting in the surrounding countryside, waiting with their possessions outside a bomb-proof shelter prior to being conveyed back to their villages. By evacuating these refugees, who had swollen the population to almost double its usual size, General Franco took the first step in restoring normality. He also rushed lorry loads of food supplies to the city and before long his engineers had repaired the water and electric light systems and established telegraphic communication with the rest of rebel Spain

THE EFFECT OF BOMBING in Santander is shown in these two pictures taken after the occupation, both of the buildings having been hit obliquely, with the result that roofs remained more or less intact while large sections of the side walls were brought tumbling to ruin. The city, which was not subjected to heavy shell-fire, although raided from the air fairly frequently, is not seriously damaged. If, however, there had been no rising by Franco's supporters before his troops entered, it is probable that the retreating defenders would have wrought terrible havoc, just as they did at Irun and San Sebastian in the earlier days of the civil war. Santander, with a normal population of about 70,000, is of great importance on account of the ore mines in the vicinity





JAPAN'S DOUGHTY OPPONENTS ON THE NORTHERN FRONT: General Fu Tso-Yi (*above*), Governor of Suiyan Province and Commander in Chief of the Suiyan People's Army (units of which are pictured on right); a Chinese force that checked the Japanese last autumn and lately has once again shown its fighting spirit in resisting the advance from Peiping to Nankow and Kalgan. On this last occasion however, the People's Army was defeated and Japan's push towards Inner Mongolia crowned with success, all this taking place while the attention of the world was concentrated on more spectacular events in Shanghai

G.H.Q. OF THE SUIYAN PEOPLE'S ARMY: Guards outside the main entrance to the barracks of this force, so well manned and equipped, that has been putting up such a desperate though unavailing resistance to the Japanese in North China

WAR BY THE GREAT WALL

Japan Pushes Westward from Peiping Despite the Gallant Opposition of the Suiyan People's Army; Inner Mongolia Her Objective

WHILE the attention of the world has been focussed on Shanghai, Japan has vigorously pushed toward the real objective of her "punitive expedition" in China, possession of Inner Mongolia and the northern provinces.

After the Japanese army entered Pekin on August 8, it was foreseen that the next move would be toward Suiyan and control of the Pekin-Paotou railway which runs through the southern part of that province. This has been one of Japan's main objectives in the north since 1935. Her attempt to seize it last autumn met with fierce resistance by the Suiyan People's Army under the command of General Fu Tso-Yi, Governor of Suiyan Province. That was the first check that Japan's military forces had had in the progress of their northern annexations, and this gave new confidence to the whole Chinese nation.

THEIR INSPIRATION: One of the battle colours of the Suiyan People's Army from Inner Mongolia

Not until the present outbreak did Japan again venture to attack this area. Three weeks ago, the Japanese army began to concentrate around Nankow, 50 miles north of Peiping. It is said that 1,500 men were engaged in the offensive. Again the People's Army hurled itself into the defence, and kept the enemy at bay for over a fortnight's hard fighting.

The report that Japan has now taken Kalgan, an important railway centre and the capital of Chahar, and also that she has captured the Nankow Pass in the Great Wall, which controls the main trade route between Mongolia and China, seems to have brought to nothing the brave defence of the People's Army and to have put Japan in control of the strategic area of Inner Mongolia. Its importance to the consolidation of Japan's position in the north cannot be overestimated. It is a wedge between China and Outer Mongolia where the influence of Soviet Russia predominates. Under Japanese control Inner Mongolia will protect Manchukuo from Soviet or Chinese attack from the west, secure Japan's safety in the Peiping area, and give her a strong base for absorption of Shansi.

Thus, while engaged in spectacular operations over Shanghai, Japan has won in the north victories that may change the history of the Eastern world.

The plan for this Inner Mongolian campaign was made early in the spring of 1936, over a year ago. Though balked by the stout resistance of Suiyan troops last autumn, it has been steadily forwarded both before and since by means of "peaceful penetration."

Most effective of these means has been Japan's persistent wooing of Prince Teh of the Sunnet tribe, the most powerful Mongol chieftain in Chahar. After months of vacillation between the Nanking Government and the Japanese militarists, Prince Teh succumbed to Japan late in the summer of 1936. He was appointed chairman of the Chahar-Mongolian Political Council, and is said to have received from Tokyo a gift of 10,000 guns and a private airplane. For months previously he had been attended by a Manchukuan bodyguard with two Japanese officers continually by his side.

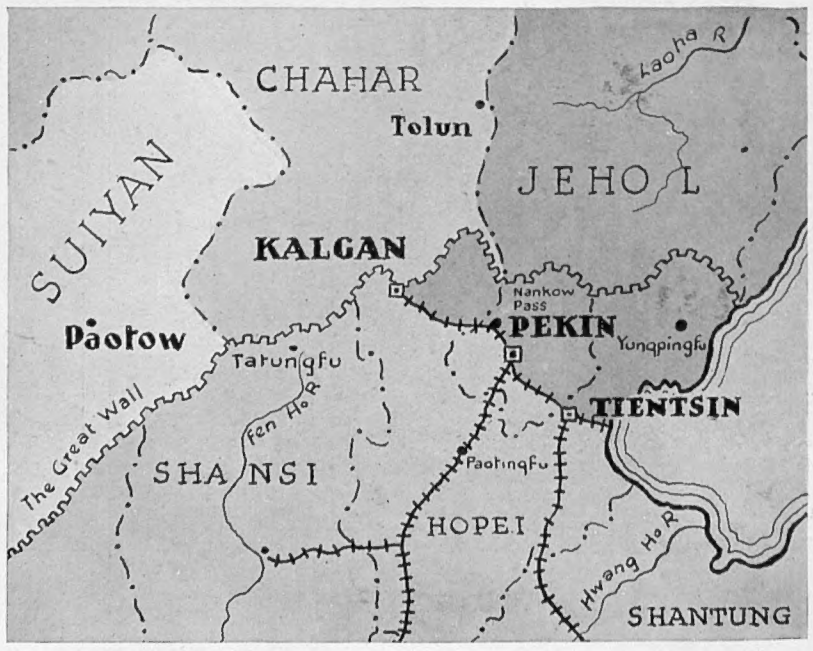
At that time it was rumoured that Prince Teh would be made the puppet ruler of a Suiyan-Chahar autonomy, nominally under Nanking, if Japan should succeed in subjugating Suiyan. But the recent Japanese military conquest in the north lends colour to the contrary belief that Suiyan and Chahar will ultimately (if Japan can hold them) be incorporated with Manchukuo in an "Empire" with its capital in Peiping. Presumably the "Emperor" will be the present Japanese puppet ruler of Manchukuo, Emperor Kang Teh, under whom Prince Teh will hold a subsidiary title.

Japan's tactics in accomplishing "peaceful penetration" have been methodical and unremitting, extending over a period of years. Small groups of Japanese officers have travelled over the plains of Inner Mongolia (Suiyan and Chahar) visiting the tents of the nomad Mongol tribes. Sometimes these officers arrived by motor car, sometimes by camel or on ponies. They are known to have provided the chiefs with guns and ammunition and to have aided in organising scattered tribes. They have helped to build wireless stations so that the wandering herdsmen could be informed of plans and movements. All this ground work for future conquest has been carried out consistently and persistently. The Nanking Government has known of it and has made efforts to combat it. But China has lacked Japan's singleness of purpose and her efforts to keep Mongol loyalty have consequently been sporadic and vain.

By the middle of May last year Japan had begun augmenting her North China army by thousands of troops distributed between Tientsin, Tungchow, and Fengtai. Chinese students in Tientsin declared a three-day strike in protest against the Japanese military reinforcements.

South China, impatient with General Chiang Kai-shek's refusal to declare war on Japan, rose against the Nanking Government, insisting that South China would declare war independently of Nanking. General Chiang was able to mollify the leaders of this insurrection and Japan proceeded with her military preparations in the north, but her attitude toward China became more conciliatory.

F. E. Dean



THE FIGHTING IN THE NORTH: A sketch map showing (darker shading) the area, including Pekin (Peiping), that now lies within the Japanese sphere of influence, and also the region that has of late been the scene of fierce encounters as the Japanese troops have pushed north-west towards the Great Wall, their objective Inner Mongolia. Kalgan and the Nankow Pass are already in their hands

PRINCE TEH ASSISTS JAPAN In Her NORTHERN CAMPAIGN

A Mongol Leader with a Powerful Following — A New Impression of Shanghai's International Settlement

A BIG FACTOR IN THE NORTH CHINA SITUATION: Prince Teh, the pigtailed chief of the Mongol levies, whose support Japan is said to have wooed and won with the present of 10,000 guns and a private aeroplane. The Prince is said to be lending valuable assistance in the campaign in the shadow of the Great Wall, the immediate object of which is to turn the flank of the Chinese forces. An article on the subject will be found in the previous page

PLAYGROUND OF SHANGHAI: A view from the Y.M.C.A. building in the International Settlement showing the baseball arena, with a game in progress, and the race track running round it. Among the buildings rising in the distance that in the centre of the picture is of particular interest, giving as it does a sidelight on local building methods, the structure being clothed from road level to summit in bamboo matting as a protection from the elements during the work of construction and—just as important—as a means of preventing falling objects causing injury to those walking in the street below

WITH THE JAPANESE TROOPS IN NORTH CHINA

THE RISING SUN fluttering over the fort at Tung-Chow following the occupation of the place by Japanese troops during their big push in North China which, after gathering momentum for several weeks, led to complete control being obtained over the whole area and suspension of the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, thus severing the last administrative link with Nanking

ORGANISER OF THE JAPANESE PUSH: Lieut.-General Seiji Kazuki (right), Commander of the army in North China, studying a map outside his headquarters at Tientsin shortly after the city had fallen into his hands

THE OCCUPATION OF TIENTSIN: Steel helmeted infantrymen acclaiming their defeat of the Chinese troops after some savage fighting in the streets of the city, beginning with intense machine gun and rifle fire and ending with the shelling of six buildings, including the Town Hall and the East Station, where the defenders made their last desperate stand. The remnants of the Chinese forces then retreated southwards

FACING THE PROSPECT OF A LONG DRAWN OUT WAR: Field guns being unloaded from trucks at the Japanese military base at Fengtai, near Peiping, where there is at the moment a big concentration of men and armaments rushed thither by ship and rail from Tokyo. The Japanese higher command would appear by their actions to hold the view that the struggle with China is bound to be protracted, for every day sees the arrival of further batches of reinforcements

The Week *at* Home

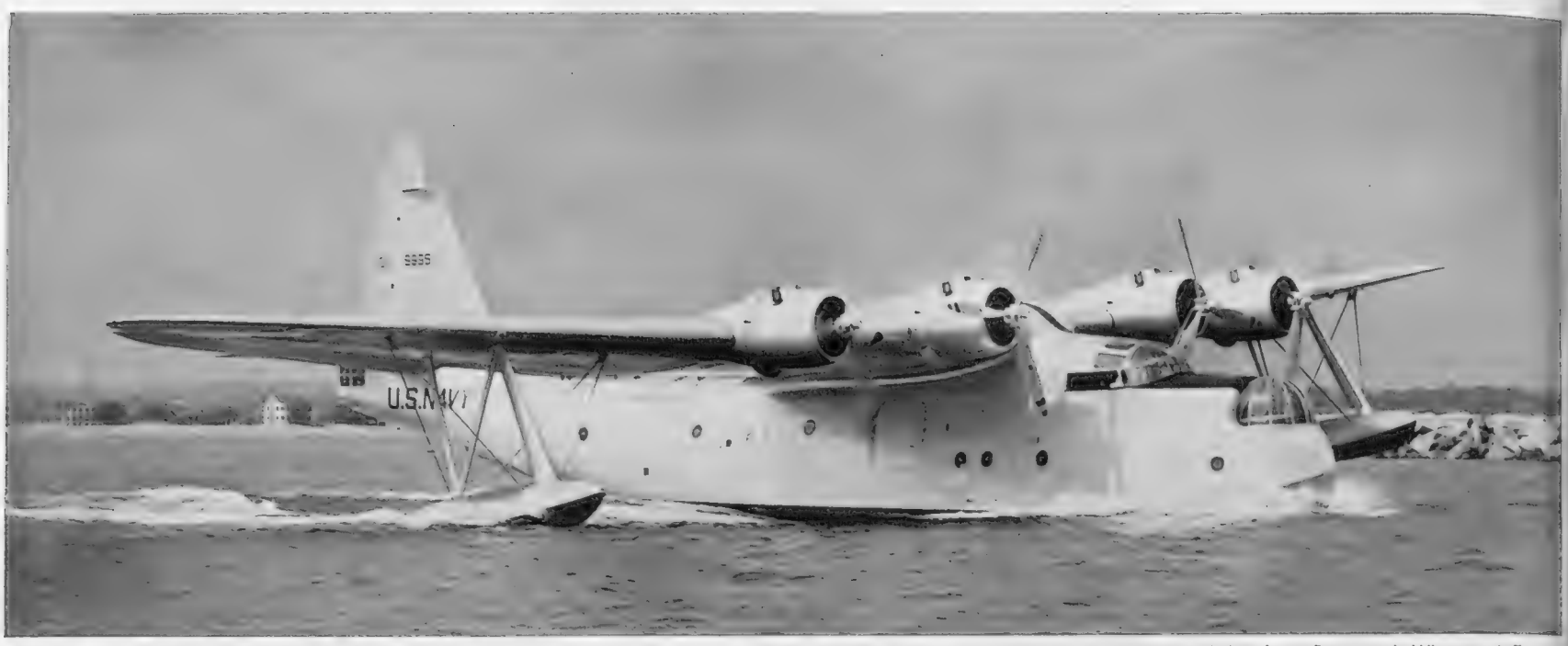
START OF THE "HOPPING" SEASON: Early arrivals at Paddock Wood, best known of the Kentish picking centres, engaged in wallpapering one of the huts in which they have taken up their quarters. During the past week some 50,000 Londoners, besides many people from other parts of the country, have been converging on the hop fields, where they are expected to remain for a fortnight or more. In recent years much has been done to improve living conditions there

HAPPY LANDINGS: The station at Croydon controlling the new radio beam which has been installed in order to assist pilots in descending during bad weather. When they tune in on any one of four radio "paths" across the aerodrome they will hear a steady hum which will only be broken if they deviate from the set path. As they come nearer to the ground the humming increases so that they can tell exactly where they are

DIVE TO DEATH: The wreckage of the machine belonging to the Midland Bank Flying Club after it had been salvaged from Queen Mary reservoir, near Staines, Middlesex, where it came to grief a few days ago shortly after leaving Hanworth aerodrome. The pilot, Mr. Herbert Willis, was drowned

A MERSEY MYSTERY: During dredging operations near Liverpool landing stage this 25 ft. craft made of reinforced concrete was brought to the surface, its appearance arousing some speculation. It may have been built as a war-time experiment

SOCIETY ON THE LINKS: Viscount Errington, nineteen year old son and heir of the Earl of Cromer, driving off at North Berwick. With him are the Misses Beatrice and Rosemary Grosvenor, daughters of Lady Dorothy Charteris. *On left*—Britain's radio queen, Elmina Humphreys, pictured with one of the new combined television, radio, and gramophone sets on view at Radiolympia



AMERICA'S FLYING DREADNOUGHT: The Sikorsky seaplane, stated to be the largest patrol bomber in the world, pictured at Bridgeport, Connecticut, as she was about to take off on her first trial flight before entering the United States Naval Air Service. She is powered by four Pratt and Whitney "Twin Wasp" engines of 1,050 h.p. each, the cowlings being ingeniously merged with the streamlined wings, while her formidable armament is housed in three gun turrets

TWO-IN-ONE 'PLANE EXPERIMENT: This big flying boat, which is equipped to carry a four-engined transatlantic seaplane on its back and release it in full flight after giving it the necessary initial lift which it otherwise could not have obtained on account of its heavy petrol load, was tried out the other day at Rochester, taking the air without its upper component. Such an aeronautical experiment is, it is interesting to recall, not entirely new, as in the summer of 1916 Flight-Sub-Lieutenant Day flew a Bristol Bullet from the top centre section of the Porte Flying Boat a feat that is still remembered with pride by men of the Royal Air Force

THE FRENCH CROYDON RE-BUILT: A section of the new buildings at Le Bourget Aerodrome, Paris, which have just been completed and add so much to the amenities of this great aerial terminus which now, in exhibition year, is handling heavier passenger traffic than ever. The architectural scheme is the grand entrance hall the only discordant note. installation of more up-

In the REALM *of* AVIATION

A Giant U.S. Flying-Boat Bomber Makes its Bow: First Trials of Britain's Composite Aircraft: The New and Improved Le Bourget Aerodrome

On right—GERMANY'S BIG BALTIC SEAPLANE BASE: Flying boats on the stretch of water at Rugen, the large island lying just off the North German mainland, where there is considerable aeronautical activity these days

OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT: Flying-boats drawn up on the concrete near the hangars at Bergen, the German air base on Rugen island in the Baltic where quite a number of machines are at present stationed, the place being ideal for seaplanes as the adjacent waters are calm. Rugen has had a varied history and has changed hands several times

ultra-modern throughout, as witness the decor of pictured on left. The wooden ticket barriers strike The rebuilding has also made it possible for the to-date equipment to assist navigators in landing

SAMARITAN OF THE SKIES: Ace pilot James Mattern waving goodbye from his powerful twin-engined monoplane before taking off from Grand Central Airport, Los Angeles, on a flight to the Arctic in search of the lost Soviet Polar flyers, to one of whom he owed a debt of gratitude for rescuing him in similar circumstances. Mr. Mattern is himself planning a flight from California to Russia via the North Pole and may start early in 1938

BRITAIN GAVE THE LEAD: The Waacs whose work on the Western Front in 1914–18 was of such value in that it released able-bodied men from behind-the-lines-duty for service in the trenches. No other nation employed women to such an extent

FINLAND'S CAMP FOLLOWERS: A member of the big Lotta-Svard first-aid organisation

BUCHAREST'S GIRL GUIDES: Members of a uniformed force, essentially non-militant in character but no doubt ready, if need be, to play its part in relief work should war arise. They salute with thumb and little finger touching and arm half raised

MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM

What Part Will Women Play In the Scheme of Things If By Some Malchance Europe Should Once Again Be Drawn into Conflict? asks

FERDINAND TUOHY

BELOW a picture of Japanese women militia striding the streets, a Paris journal put the caption: "Their new occupation—and we hope they'll like it!"

While it would be idle to blink the fact that young womanhood is growing positively into the war picture of the future, a good deal of loose stuff is getting into print about women soldiers generally, and their likely use in or adjacent to the fighting zone. The subject resumes currency with the appearance of Chinese girl student recruits and with the prosecution, in Calcutta, of the Red Guards Association, half of whose members seem to have been young Indian women

Probably the British Isles are as qualified to discuss this matter as most others, in that we made infinitely more use of women in 1914–18 than any other belligerent. Philip Gibbs and I wrote the Peace Procession, July, 1919, side by side, and I remember as Wrafs, Waacs, Wrens, Land Girls came marching by, how we commented "no other country did this." A little earlier, in the occupied Rhineland, it had been a common German lament and source of puzzlement that the man-denuded Fatherland had not made comparable use of its womanhood, to the British. (Actually the Germans came next; and, incidentally, Germans do not forget such lapses from thoroughness.)

CHINA'S AMAZONS: Girl student recruits, who are reputed to be assisting the armies in the field during the present Sino-Japanese conflict, though in what capacity it is not at the moment clear

We were the only people to bring uniformed women, other than nurses, into the zone of the armies, and if there was a "Waac scandal" in France it was outweighed by the relief value of the girls' services and, anyway, it was greatly exaggerated and we pay far too much attention to such things.

The French peasants used to be amused by "les cantinières anglaises." "C'est une façon comme une autre," they would darkly throw off. There was no revival at any time in the French zone of these chevroned Waacs' last European precursors: the canteen-women of 1870-71, hearties who followed battalions and even companies right into the firing line, as cooks, general helps and things, and the ultimate survivor of whom was given a State funeral in 1913.

However, if anyone is interested in the volume and diversity of the war service that we drew from women twenty years ago, there exists a book on the subject by a woman author showing that women served in almost a hundred different capacities.

So far, it is not apparent that we plan to add to these in the event of any "next time" except in fire-fighting consequent on incendiary bombs. "Women are to have a chance to help," ran part of the announcement heralding a 200,000 strong, nation-wide fire-fighting force, "for both men and women would be required as fire pickets to man fire posts and assist householders in protecting their premises against fire risk."

On the Continent seven countries have varyingly indicated to what extent women might be actively drawn into a conflict—Turkey, Russia, Spain, France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia.

Ataturk is the most definite, having in that sweeping way of his tabled a Bill conscripting women for military service; and, as he happens to be the darling of the *hanems* for his having freed them from yashmak and harem and given them the vote, it is not surprising to hear that Turkish womanhood waxes enthusiastic at the prospect of some day being *hanems* in uniform. Reasons Kemal:—

"In so much as there should be no difference regarding the rights of the sexes, there should be no differences in the duties asked of them. Women, in case of necessity, should accomplish their military service. One cannot pretend that the physiological structure of a woman does not lend itself to military service, for we have proof of how Turkish peasant women have overcome the same hardships as our menfolk. On the battlefield they have repeatedly proved their worth. For that reason, the physical training of our new generations of women must not be neglected."

The physiological point will be debated, yet note that it is directly followed by a reference to tough peasant women. Kemal knows well that the *hanems* of the Bosphorus are not fit for first-line work. But he intends to use the pick of them all the same in administrative, upkeep, and commissariat branches behind the lines, even as air-pilots and observers—there is a waiting list of over 100 Turkish girls in this sphere, all qualified parachutists—and of course in hospitals. Already the girls' schools and Girl Guide branches are laying the foundations of the approaching Turkish woman conscript.

An essential to bear in mind in regard to the innovation is Turkey's desperate shrinkage of man-power. The country was at war almost without cessation from 1911 to 1922.

WOMEN WARRIORS OF THE RED ARMY: Marshal Vorochilov is believed to be against their employment as actual fighting units but he would appear to favour their employment in anti-aircraft defence work, as personnel at wireless posts, and in other duties of such like importance

Some confusion was caused by an outburst of Marshal Vorochilov this summer, when he appeared to banish for good and all the idea of Red women soldiers. The Marshal proclaimed that these had corrupted his Red division and that their proper place was in the home. A fuller version of the speech shows that he was putting his foot down finally on "amazons" organised in units on their own, and not on the co-operation of picked and trained young women with the armed forces in time of war. Up till January last, 13,000 of these held the decoration showing them to be qualified as expert markswomen and as being physically fit for first-line service. It is no new thing for women to be good shots, as Bisley and the U.S. have shown. As for the ethical side, Stalin seems to be at one with Kemal: that it is equally dolce et decorum for both sexes to die for their country.

The nucleus of the Soviet's Co-operating Woman Army derives from officers' wives, of whom 30,000 have already qualified to be nursing sisters in C.C.S.'s and base hospitals. A further 7,000 have qualified as air defence experts—which does not mean acting as fire pickets, but as personnel at A.A. and wireless posts. Nor does this section comprise the many thousand young women who have successfully passed their parachute tests, although it may well be that a fair number of these are among the snipers and machine-gunners already noted. Obviously there would be much sniping in a parachute force landing behind enemy lines.

The officers' wives movement is spreading to other ranks' wives who will make shells and work the tractors, while many hundred women are already down on the mobilisation lists as horsewomen in a land where the Cossack still counts for something.

The Russians, then, would use specialist girls on active service, thousands of them. On the other hand, Vorochilov has come down wallop on this sort of hysteria, emanating from a Kremlin rally of officers' wives earlier in the year:

"Are we, women of the Soviet, going to remain at home nursing our children, cooking, gossiping, pretending to be angels in hospitals as the bourgeois women do, pretending to help by knitting socks and doing other work of charity, are we going to do this when we can be beside our men bleeding at the front?"

The Spanish Civil War presents a different side, again. We have all seen pictures of the miliciennes fighting desperately at the barricades beside their novios. Perhaps more often have we seen pictures of publicity recruiting marches by these same miliciennes through the streets of Valencia and

(*Continued on page* 390)

Sphere Survey

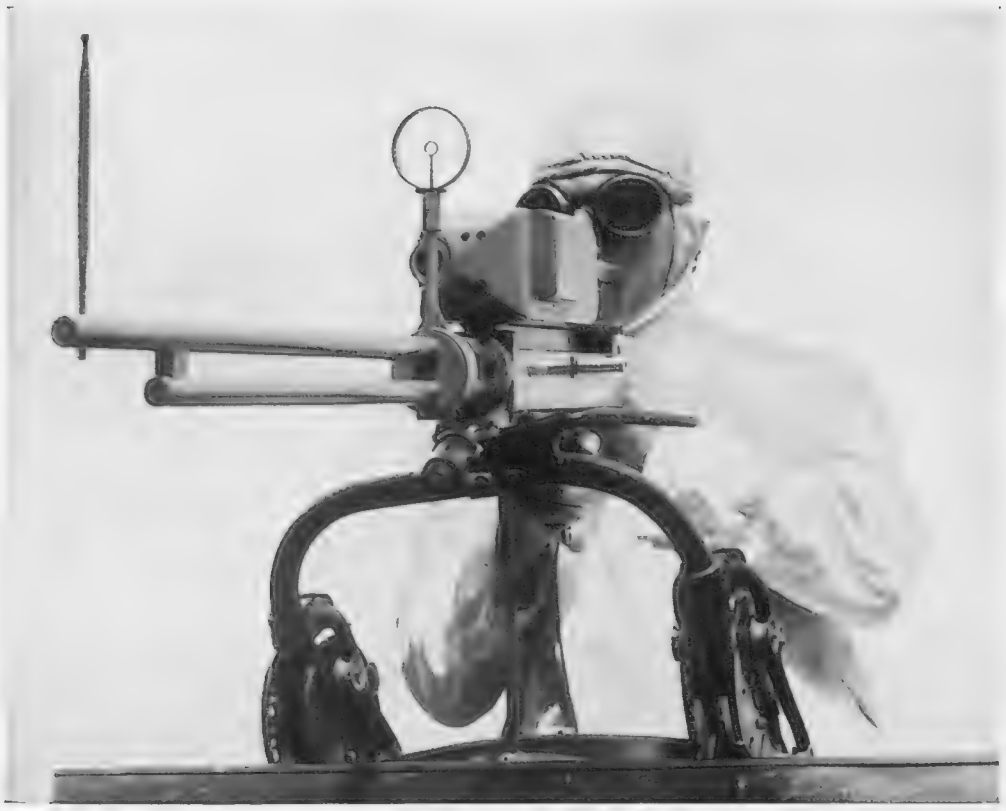
A BIG DAY IN BUDAPEST: The scene in the streets of Hungary's capital during the procession of the Holy Hand of St. Stephen, a much venerated religious relic that once every year is borne from the church where it reposes to the Coronation church for High Mass. Many ecclesiastics and political notabilities take part in this age old ceremonial, and also devout country folk who come into the city for the occasion

KING FAROUK'S BRIDE-TO-BE: Sasl Naz Zulficar, the beautiful daughter of Youssef Bey Zulficar, a judge of the Alexandria Mixed Appeal Court, who has become engaged to the young ruler of Egypt who only a short while ago attained his majority. She comes of an old Turkish family and is a granddaughter of the late Mohammed Said Pasha, a former Prime Minister

BRITAIN TRIUMPHS IN SWISS MOTOR RACE: A. C. Dobson, the English ace, driving his E.R.A. in the Grand Prix de Berne held last week at Berne, an event he won in the fast time of 1 hr. 9 mins. 16⅗ secs. from his compatriot, Raymond Mays, who was only a fifth of a second behind him. Prince Birabongse of Siam, who drives under the name of "Bira" and who has done so well in international contests during the past two years, gained third place, and following close behind him was Franco Cortese, of Italy, in a Maserati

KING LEOPOLD'S CHILDREN ON HOLIDAY: Crown Prince Baudouin, seven-year-old heir to the Belgian throne, and his sister Princess Josephine at Friham Castle, Sweden, where they have been staying with their grandparents, Prince Charles and Princess Ingeborg

ITALY'S LAND GIRLS: Members of the "Giovane Fasciste," an organisation for young women that has as one of its special objects the training of town folk in agricultural work, engaged in haymaking (*above*) and at a milking class (*on right*) at an experimental farm in Torriglia, near Genoa, where they are attending a special three months course lasting from the start of the hay harvest to the end of the grape harvest. The training is theoretical as well as practical, classes being held daily by lady teachers, all of whom hold agricultural degrees. Work of this nature is going on in many parts of Italy in an effort to help bring to fruition Signor Mussolini's elaborate "back to the land" movement designed to make the country independent of all foreign sources of food supply



"EXPOSIONS"! This apparatus, operated like a Lewis gun, is used by the R.A.F. for training marksmen, but instead of firing bullets it records each "shot" on a film in its mechanism, which when developed and subsequently examined shows the number of hits recorded. 1,200 exposures a minute are made, each one of which is timed to the split second by a special device

A TANK VERSUS TANK BATTLE was the feature of some elaborate manœuvres held recently on Salisbury Plain, over 200 units participating in the encounter which provided the men with some valuable object lessons. Here a number of whippets are seen assembled at their base camp before going into action

FOREIGN WARSHIPS PAY A COURTESY CALL: A boat from the *Bison*, one of three French destroyers visiting Devonport, bringing ashore the Commodore of the Flotilla G. M. Barnovin who was received at the dockyard by the Commander in Chief, Plymouth Station, and the Lord Mayor

THE PRICE WE PAY

The Steady Rise in the Figures of National Expenditure Provide Food for Thought

By J. BAKER WHITE

ACCORDING to the estimate contained in the Budget, Britain's ordinary national expenditure in the year ending March 31, 1938, will amount to the colossal total of £862,000,000, or if self-balancing expenditure is included, to £938,000,000. It is also estimated that of this sum about £467,000,000 will be collected by income-tax, estate duties, and other forms of direct taxation, £333,000,000 by Customs and Excise duties, i.e., by indirect taxation, and £34,000,000 by motor vehicle duties.

As always, the direct and indirect taxpayers will pay up without undue complaint, but with steadily rising expenditure and consequently rising taxation the time has come at which as a nation we should consider whether we have not passed the limit of wise, justifiable, and economic spending. Those who dismiss the situation with the assertion "we are very prosperous: we can afford it" might bear in mind that in 1913–14, a year of exceptional prosperity, our ordinary expenditure amounted to £172,000,000, that the total of direct taxation was £88,000,000 and of indirect £75,000,000, and that the amount collected in rates by local authorities—not included in the above-mentioned figures—was £78,971,000, as compared with £191,812,000 in 1936–37.

The truth of the matter is that we have got into the spending habit, and all too quickly we have forgotten the parlous state into which the national finances had got in 1931 as the result of uneconomic spending. At the moment the state of Europe compels us to a large expenditure on armaments, uneconomic though it may be, but it is very questionable whether we can afford at the same time to go on increasing expenditure on what is known broadly as the social services. Of these the most important are national health insurance, free education, pensions, unemployment benefit, and State assisted housing, all of which are highly desirable services.

It is fairly safe to assume that when the full figures are available they will show that our social services in the present financial year cost not less than £500,000,000, or well over £1,300,000 a day. This figure compares with £36,000,000 in 1900, £62,000,000 in 1910, £307,000,000 in 1920, and £468,000,000 in 1930, and these totals speak more eloquently than words. Analysing the chief items of social service expenditure, we arrive at the following remarkable table:—

PRINCIPAL ITEMS OF SOCIAL SERVICE EXPENDITURE.

Service.	*1910*	*1920*	*1935*
	£	£	£
Employment Benefit -	Nil.	10,768,000	52,000,000
Transitional Benefits -	Nil.	Nil.	46,000,000
National Health Insurance	Nil.	29,700,000	37,000,000
Widows', Orphans', and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act - - -	Nil.	Nil.	44,000,000
Old Age Pensions Acts -	7,300,000	20,700,000	43,600,000
Education Acts - -	33,400,000	88,700,000	111,000,000
Housing Acts - - -	850,000	4,700,000	46,000,000

The year 1935 is the latest for which complete figures are available, and other items of social service expenditure include State subsidies to hospitals for the treatment of disease, maternity and child welfare work, and poor relief.

The number of people that benefit from these services is very remarkable. In 1920 national health insurance covered 11,000,000 persons; to-day more than 16,500,000 come under the scheme. In 1910 Britain spent 86s. per head on educating children in public elementary schools and in 1935 263s. The number of schoolchildren has fallen while the number of teachers and schools has risen. Twenty-seven years ago there were 6,082,000 children in elementary schools and 159,566 teachers. To-day there are approximately 5,000,000 children and over 170,000 teachers.

The total number of persons covered by State pension schemes is not less than 3,000,000, and the annual expenditure reaches a total of £128,000,000, while unemployment insurance covers more than 13,000,000 workers and has a fund with a turnover of £100,000,000 a year. Those who criticise the rate of slum clearance might bear in mind that since the Armistice in 1918 Britain has spent not less than £700,000,000 on housing, has built more than 3,000,000 new houses, and is still building them at the rate of 300,000 a year.

That Britain has the finest social services in the world is unquestionable, as is the fact that a large section of the nation derives great mental and physical benefit from them. The health of the people, the standard of housing, and the lot of the aged is immeasurably better than it was twenty-five years ago. But the question is not whether this expenditure has been justified—it is whether with our present burdens and commitments we can afford to go on increasing it.

National and local expenditure must be related to and governed by the present economic condition of the country, not by optimistic forecasts as to future prosperity. There is a present danger of departure from this relation. We might perhaps learn a profitable lesson from recent events in France, where expenditure has been allowed to run away from income. In the words of M. Bonnet: "We must henceforth agree not to accept any new charge for the future which does not offer some profitable counterpart."

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NEWS *from* ERIN

The "Lusitania" Memorial Nearly Completed: Danzig's Former High Commissioner on Holiday in Connemara: A New U.S. Minister Presents His Credentials

SYMBOLS OF TRAGEDY: Mr. Jerome Connor putting the finishing touches to the figures of two fishermen forming part of the big *Lusitania* memorial which is now almost complete after a decade of work and will be dedicated at Cobh, County Cork, in May of next year on the twenty-third anniversary of the disaster which overtook the 30,000-ton Cunarder, on board which were so many notabilities in every walk of life. The names of the 1,198 who were drowned are being inscribed on a tablet that will be placed at the base of the memorial

"THE ANGEL OF PEACE": Mr. Jerome Connor, noted Irish-American sculptor, engaged on the central figure of the great memorial to the victims of the *Lusitania* disaster on which he has been hard at work for the past ten years

HE HAD EARNED IT! Mr. Sean Lester, at present Assistant Secretary to the League and former High Commissioner for Danzig, a post he held in the face of extreme Nazi opposition, setting out with his daughter Dorothy for the salmon pool at Carna, Connemara, where he is now enjoying a fishing holiday with his family

SALUTE TO AN ENVOY: An officer presenting arms as Mr. John Cudahy (centre), the newly-appointed U.S. Minister to the Irish Free State, emerged from the State Rooms, Dublin Castle, after presenting his credentials to President de Valera. At the moment only a few countries have high diplomatic representatives in Dublin, among them America, Germany, and France

IRELAND'S FLYING PADRE: Father Joseph Furlong, curate of Finglas, County Dublin, boarding his plane with his Irish red setter at Kildonan Aerodrome, County Dublin, before taking off on one of his missioneering flights. While on holiday in Scotland recently he flew back to his parish to officiate at a wedding ceremony

DEFENDERS OF THE ANCIENT STRONGHOLD: A girl student, who is helping in the excavation of Maiden Castle, that mysterious and wonderful pre-Roman settlement on a Dorsetshire hill-top, taking a picture of two centuries-old skeletons unearthed during the present season's work within the ramparts

Probing the Secrets of

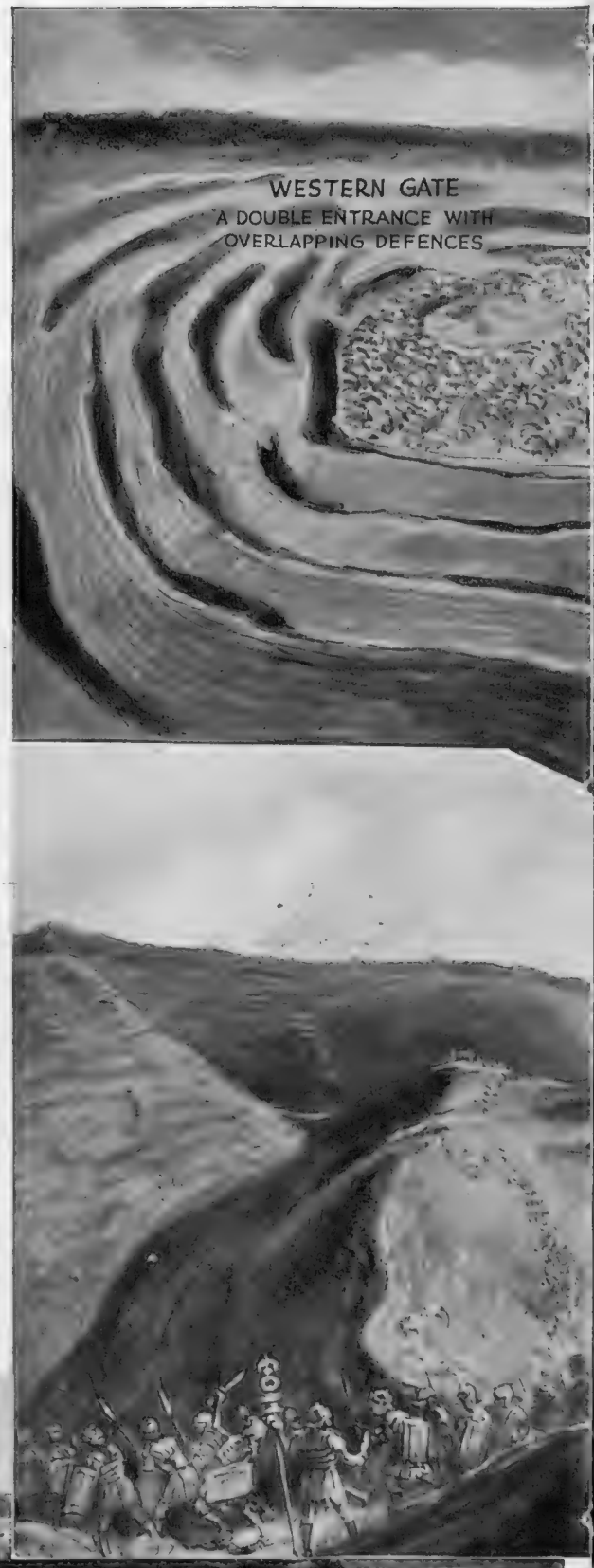
MAIDEN CASTLE

The Great Pre-Roman Settlement That Covered a 45-acre Down-land Site on a Dorsetshire Hill-top

THE excavation of Maiden Castle, Dorset, the largest of all pre-Roman settlements in this country to have been thoroughly explored, is not only a work of immense archæological importance but one that appeals alike to layman and antiquarian, so intensely interesting are the details that are slowly but surely coming to light of this hill-top fortress city where for five or six centuries before the Roman invasion a community of 4,000 or more people dwelt in security behind their giant ramparts.

Dr. Mortimer Wheeler of the London Museum who is in charge of the excavations which are now in their fourth season, points out that this spot was chosen for investigation first because "Maiden Castle is typical and, secondly, because it is at the same time exceptional or even unique. It is typical as representative in position and kind of a very large number of prehistoric fortress-towns in and about the region of Wessex, and its extensive exploration could be expected, therefore, to provide a firm basis for a further inquiry into

On right—A CROSS-SECTION CUT THROUGH MASSIVE RAMPARTS that once protected Maiden Castle. Excavation work carried out there reveals how the masonry rose tier upon tier up the hill-side. From time to time, when invasion threatened, the defences were still further strengthened until they finally reached the most formidable proportions



THE EAGER SEARCH CONTINUES: A picture taken a few days ago on the Maiden Castle site as Dr. Mortimer Wheeler of the London Museum and his band of assistants continued their task of probing the mysteries of this hill-top fort, the largest of all the pre-Roman settlements in Britain to have been thoroughly explored. Strewn on the ground, in the exact positions in which they were brought to light, lie a number of skeletons of the early inhabitants, possibly men who died fighting to save the place from the hands of the Roman invader. During the excavation of the site about sixty several diggings have been made, covering in all about 2 out of the 45 acres. This gives a quite good cross-section of the whole work. But it is not conclusive. One cannot, for instance, base a negative argument on it

MAIDEN CASTLE IN THE DAYS OF ITS GLORY: In the upper half of this composite drawing "The Sphere" artist, who recently paid a visit to the Dorsetshire site on which the excavations are now taking place, shows how the great hill fort must have looked at the zenith of its importance with its three massive rings of ramparts and its 10 ft. high palisade—defences of enormous strength—enclosing a city of forty-five acres in extent and with a population of 4,000 or more people living in huts packed as close as the ground would take them, between them running streets of rammed pebbles brought from the not far distant shore. In the lower part of the drawing Mr. Macpherson conjures up what must have been the scene as the Roman legionaries wound through the valley before the capture of this formidable place and survived through over five centuries until the coming of the Romans. This is the fourth and last year of the excavations which are being undertaken jointly by the Society of Antiquaries and the Dorset Natural History and Archæological Society

Drawn for THE SPHERE *by D. Macpherson*

this notable manifestation of urban development in the later prehistoric period.

"It is exceptional and, as to its great double entrances, unique in the scale and complexity of its defence system; and in this respect may be regarded, not merely as the product of an era, but as the monument of some intensely individual and remarkable mind."

It is clear that the castle was permanently occupied. It was not merely a refuge in time of trouble. It was in fact very like the walled cities of the Middle Ages. It was the centre, the market town, of the tribal area.

Farming was the economic basis of Maiden Castle. The people had sheep, goats, cattle, and horses, and Dr. Wheeler believes that the Downs were cultivated to their maximum capacity. At no time since have they carried the population they had then.

Early in the first century B.C., a great wave of change swept over the town. There must have been a new invader, probably from Germany. His coming was followed

(Continued on page 390)

WATCHING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK: A party of visitors being shown round the site of the settlement, which, it is strange to reflect, came into being about the time that Athens and Sparta were fighting for the leadership of European civilisation

WHITE WINGS OVER THE REED BEDS: Soon these scores of black-headed gulls which nest in early spring beside the margin of Scawby Gull Ponds, between Scunthorpe and Brigg, Lincolnshire, will be departing for more temperate shores; but before many months are out they will be back again in their favourite haunt where the species is known to have come at the mating season with almost clockwork regularity for many hundreds of years

CHURCHES SIDE BY SIDE IN NORFOLK PARISH: St. Mary's and St. Margaret's, Antingham, which are said to have been built by, and named after, two sisters who set them up in rivalry. One has been allowed to fall into ruin, but in accordance with the sisters' bequest a service is still held in it once a month by the Vicar of North Walsingham

TEWKESBURY ABBEY IN SPLINTS: The tower of this renowned building is now being repaired under a £25,000 scheme of complete restoration, but it is no light task, as any new stonework that is put in has to correspond exactly with the wonderfully delicate pink tints of the existing stonework which has had this appearance ever since the day, centuries ago, when it was scorched by a fire in the wooden roof of the nave

BIRDS AMONG THE HEATHER

By Muriel Haywood

THE light wind that blows over the wide spaces of the moors is laden with those satisfying perfumes that refresh and never pall upon the senses, perfumes of heather honey and heather flowers, of sun-warmed bracken, and pine needle carpet, and of many another fragrance pertaining essentially to the heathland. There are here treasures to be discovered by the wanderer; some indeed so small that they are hard to find, but one and all contributing in some sort a share to the interest of this vast area. In varying shades the glowing tide flows onward over hill and dale; a very flood that would seem endeavouring to submerge all the lower growths of plant life beneath its beauty. But some of these still manage to hold their own and so retain their identity even amid all this boundless expanse of purple. So, in this way, have the fragile grasses secured unto themselves here and there a certain space, where delicately they sway upon their slight ochre-coloured stems. And about them, in one place, three or four small butterflies have chosen to pass a sunny hour. One of these—a male silver-studded blue—has a preference for the heather blossoms; and upon a tuft of these he is now at rest; his wings of a deep lilac-blue outspread and wonderful to behold.

Another, a female, has selected one of the swaying grasses—its yellow stalk splashed as though with claret stains—for her resting place; and she is swinging comfortably thereon. Her hues are more subdued than those of the male, and about their pattern there are several spots of a dull orange shade. The name of these butterflies is derived from certain silvery marks upon the underside of the back wings.

And thus these tiny beings repose prettily upon their perches, and, as they sit there, opening and closing their wings at intervals, they create a charming scene in miniature.

Presently a short sharp note is to be heard—a signal that the whinchat is somewhere in the neighbourhood. And the next moment he can be seen on the top of a thick gorse bush, casting quick glances around him, as though he were seeking something. It is not very long before his mate has put in an appearance, and she joins him upon the same bush. Which was apparently what he desired. For, on her arrival, he gives her a short note of greeting and at once settles down, and proceeds to preen his rather tumbled feathers. The white stripe above his eye is very noticeable. He is not so good-looking as he was a little time ago, for now he is assuming a plainer attire. The brilliance of his brown and rufous tints are considerably duller than they were; in point of fact there is a fast growing resemblance between his dress and that of his wife. Most of his various local names are appropriate enough, as regards his especial haunts; amongst them being the titles of grasschat and furzechat. He is perhaps most frequently to be met with where gorse bushes abound.

Much of the birdlife has gone from these parts by now. Those which sojourned here during the season that is past have made their way to the various coastal places of their choice—some have already departed hence to far-distant lands. So the nightjar—that strange creature who ever seems wrapped in a certain aloofness and mystery—has left these ferny haunts of his for a very different scene. No longer can the voice of the curlew be heard here. For he, too, is away, breathing in the briny airs, and engaged upon his various ploys about the shore; or he may be tarrying by the swamp or lakeside.

There is a pleasing display of colour amongst the branches of the rowans, where the bright corals depend in clusters from their fastenings. And when these trees occur—somewhat infrequently hereabouts—they vie with the glow of the heather, greatly enhancing the charm of the moorland landscape. Almost untouched as yet, these berries will, ere long, attract a bevy of birds—those of the thrush family chiefly—who will forgather to regale themselves, welcoming a change of diet.

There are not many trees about this place, but in one spot close to the neighbouring forest, the flush of the flowering heather is broken into by a varied group. And it is amongst these that the treepipit is still lingering—as though loth to leave his summer home. For it is here that he and his mate have passed a happy and a prosperous season. Nearby upon the ground, beneath a tangle of grass the house was made—the nestlings reared. All this accomplished with success to crown the work.

THE "OLD MAJOR" DOES HIS BIT

A Rural Cameo

THE British farmer has a lot to contend with. The apple crop this year is a failure in most places, not because of Buchan's cold spell, with its frosts and the bitter winds that come so often to shrivel the blossom and blight the hope of a good harvest. This year the fault lies with the bees, At the critical time of pollination it was very wet, and these creatures, usually so busy, elected to stay comfortably in their hives and avoid the damp outside. So the important work of spreading the special pollen was neglected. Self-fertile trees have a fair crop, but Cox's Orange Pippin for instance which requires the help of some other variety for pollination, will be a very short crop indeed.

Wasps abound in greater numbers than usual. The few apples in many orchards are being attacked by these pests. Victoria plums still quite hard are found to be half eaten; and many growers are obliged to pick the unripe fruit in order to save their crops.

The grain harvest, too, has its enemies. Here in Kent the work of harvesting is proceeding night and day at full speed in order to protect the sheaves from the hordes of pheasants and pigeons that nightly attack them in their thousands. This is the moment for the Old Major to come to the rescue. In response to an SOS from the distracted farmer, he rolls up in his battered old car and at once sets to work. He comes fully equipped with bed and bedding, tent, food, and, above all, cartridges; for the Old Major is a crack shot, and his hobby is to go round the countryside ridding it of vermin and other pests which do so much damage to crops. His bag is often 200 pigeons a day. He remains in some convenient corner quietly adding to his bag and reducing his cartridges, picking up his birds by ones and twos, for he never fires into a flock. Silently and happily he works away, clearing the fields of the pests. When one job is finished, another SOS sends him cheerily to perform the same good office for another farmer in distress. For years he has wandered in his old car on his useful mission through parts of Kent. No wonder he is known as the Farmer's Friend.

GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY

In Schools that "Adopt" Cargo Vessels

A BIG THRILL FOR BRITAIN'S SCHOOLCHILDREN: When the cargo vessel *Port Gisborne* arrived in the Thames the other day, laden with produce from New Zealand, the captain issued an invitation to come on board and make an inspection to the pupils of the particular London school that has adopted the ship under the British Ship Adoption scheme which has been brought into force both to give youngsters a more lively interest in the work of the mercantile marine and to assist them in their study of geography. In this scheme the master and mates of the particular steamer adopted keep in close touch with the school that has adopted them by sending off as often as possible reports of their progress, details of any unusual happenings during the voyage, pictures of ports visited, and a mass of other material. Up to the present 400 vessels are linked up with an equal number of schools, and still the movement grows. The visitors to the *Port Gisborne* some of whom are seen (*left*) looking over a cabin and (*above*) on deck, had the time of their lives and after a conducted tour were entertained to tea

PLOTTING HER COURSE: Two boys from the school that has adopted the freighter, *Dartmouth*, studying a map during their self-imposed day-to-day task of following her progress across the seas. Hanging above them is a bell presented by their "Uncle" ship and now used for summoning classes

TELLING THEM ALL ABOUT IT: The mate of one of Britain's 400 adopted steamers explaining some of the finer points of seamanship to the party of children from the Lewisham School with which she is linked up under the scheme. It was a great treat for the youngsters to go down to Surrey Commercial Docks and actually see the vessel, and from now on they will doubtless follow her progress with even greater enthusiasm than ever

FROM MANY A LAND AND CLIME: Just a few of the assortment of letters and documents which are sent in by cargo steamer officers to the Ship Adoption Society and are forwarded thence to the various schools for which they are intended

WORKING IT OUT FOR THEMSELVES: These two enthusiasts look up the shipping reports in the papers and then mark the progress of their adopted ship on a chart in the schoolroom. Later they receive details of the voyage from the captain

THE USE OF THE SEXTANT explained to boys of Morden Terrace School, Lewisham, on their visit to the freighter, *Embassage*, in London Docks. Not a few of the youngsters are so thrilled by it all that they are determined to join the Mercantile Marine when they are older

STAGE *and*

IN THE "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE" MANNER: Celia Johnson (as the poor-relation governess) and Hugh Williams (as the gallant young captain in the Hussars, who has lost his heart to her) in *Old Music*, Keith Winter's new play at the St. James's, which has a brilliant cast, including Greer Garson and Gyles Isham, and some realistic Victorian settings by Rex Whistler

THE new Lyceum melodrama, *Wanted for Murder*, saves the audience a lot of trouble. I have seen nearly as many murder plays as there are sands on the seashore, and in nine out of ten of them one is confronted with the task of wondering who did the crime. Always it is a matter of utter indifference to me who has committed any crime in any play. Yet the problem is bound to intrigue one up to a point and even my habit of fixing on the least likely member of the cast as the criminal—a process which rarely leads one astray—grows wearisome and the cause of unnecessary labour.

The authors of this play tell us at once who did it; they ought to know for it was one of them—not Mr. Percy Robinson but Mr. Terence de Marney, in the person of a neurotic youth called Colebrooke. Mr. de Marney played the conscience-stricken and terror-haunted murderer extremely well in a theatre sanctified by memories of Irving, who did much the same sort of thing there in *The Bells*. At first it was difficult to catch all that Mr. de Marney said (a fault from which, I believe, the mighty Irving was not wholly immune), but after a while he seemed to get the feel of the house and all was well.

Although both in *Wanted for Murder* and in Mr. Emlyn Williams' recent murder play the identity of the criminal is made plain at once, the latter is the better of the two, since the matter was treated subjectively and what happened to the murderer was less emphasised than the workings of his brain, which caused it to happen. *Wanted for Murder* is, however, no less exciting. The wretched Colebrooke was a sadist and a sex-maniac whose mania took the form of strangling girls in Richmond Park and Hyde Park or on Hampstead Heath, his idea being that such "lungs of London" are ideal spots for squeezing the breath out of the lungs of other people.

His victims numbered nearly a dozen before the police rounded him up. One strangulation scene was both effective and original, Cockney courting couples passing the murdered and the murderer under the impression that they were locked in a passionate embrace. I do not advise general investigation of such demonstrations of *al-fresco* amorousness, which would probably result in a thick ear or worse, though in this scene one couple did ask the murderer for a match, and a very macabre episode it was. I was sorry Miss Edna Davies was thus bumped off so early in the play, for she gave a charming performance and sang a Welsh song with a pretty Welsh accent. Also, she was the nearest approach to a heroine, and I like my heroines of Lyceum drama to be of more durable stuff.

The rest of the play had to get on as best it could without youthful feminine interest. Yet this was more than balanced by Miss Louise Hampton's moving pathos and tragic strength as the murderer's mother. I would like to see Miss Hampton play Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts*, of which this play is a sort of twopence-coloured comic. She knew her son was mad, and her growing horror as that conviction grew, was a fine and full-blooded exhibition of "the old stuff," at which your modern and so-called realistic school is apt to sneer. Mr. Austin Trevor, as a big-wig at Scotland Yard, trapped the murderer very carefully and cleverly, although, thanks to the authors, he took an unconscionable time in doing so.

Since melodrama must, it seems, have comic relief, which in most cases is neither comic nor approaching any sort of relief, a farcical detective was called for, Mr. Trevor not here being required to be funny. So the lot fell upon Mr. Arthur Sinclair, that magnificent actor who has been torn away from *Juno and the Paycock*, in which he gives what might almost be called the performance of the century, to wrestle with the conventional funniments of an Irish police-sergeant with a taste for whiskey. When Mr. Sinclair had any line to say with comic point in it he was like a war-horse at the sound of a bugle. But the bugle was an infrequent caller.

Mr. Maurice Colbourne has been responsible for the production, which is sufficiently elaborate without attempting any of the spectacular catastrophes which used to be a *sine qua non* of melodrama. That is wise. We must leave railway accidents and shipwrecks to the films in future.

HONOUR AT STAKE: Ann Daviot (Ann Todd), estranged wife of Major George Daviot (Clive Brook), with the aggressive but brilliant veteran King's Counsel, Sir Quinton Jessop (Francis Sullivan) whom she has persuaded to defend her husband in the trial arising from an allegation that he had cheated at cards at a country house party. An episode from the Victor Saville production *Action for Slander* which London Films are presenting next week at the London Pavilion. Tim Whelan is the director

IN "ACTION FOR SLANDER," the new Victor Saville production, Margaretta Scott takes the part of Josie Bradford, the girl who causes all the trouble by having an affair with one of her husband's senior officers. Miss Scott, who has done so well on the London stage of recent years, is already making strides in the film world and great things are expected of her

"Time and the Conways."—Mr. J. B. Priestley has probably read Mr. J. W. Dunne's fascinating book, *An Experiment with Time*, and also *The Time Machine* of Mr. H. G. Wells who, by the way, was in the audience at the first performance of *Time and the Conways* at the Duchess Theatre. He would, I think, have written a more theatrically effective play if he had never heard of either, though not necessarily a less interesting one.

I found, however, that time hung rather heavy when Mr. Priestley talked about it. His theories are pleasantly fanciful, but they do not lie deep enough to satisfy the expert and yet tend to blither the normal theatre-goer who wants the author to get on with it and to drop all that stuff about time being a continuous entity in its relationships to human life and not cut up

SCREEN: *By Philip Page*

"Wanted for Murder" — Another Lyceum Melodrama: Priestley's Fanciful Theories on the Question of Time

definitely into Past, Present, and Future. Mr. Dunne explained all this rather better than Mr. Priestley; but he neither gingered it up with Blake's poetry, nor did he write a play about it.

Time and the Conways is not, fortunately, so ridden with philosophy that there is no room for ordinary happenings to a group of ordinary but very human people. The first act, for instance, is almost wholly devoted to charades. On the whole I preferred the Conways when they were not doing charades. The picture of fun in a middle-class provincial family in 1919 was too prolonged; the daughters and sons and various friends put on false moustaches and padded their tummies and laffed and laffed and laffed, and were obviously having a high old time of it. But the spectacle of wild fun on the stage is apt to produce a corresponding sense of gloom in the audience; after twenty minutes of that charading in *Time and the Conways* I wished the Conways were doing time.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW IN ANOTHER LEGAL BATTLE: The juvenile star pictured with his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholomew in the Los Angeles Court where she has been seeking to break his 1,100 dollars a week contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and to obtain a larger salary for him. She threatened that if she failed she would take Freddie back to England

Act II is a brilliant piece of work. This is Mr. Priestley at his very best. The time is the present and the Conways have found neither success nor happiness. There is no actual disaster. But eighteen years have turned most of them bitter. The young soldier son has become a middle-aged drunkard who ill-treats his nice wife.

One daughter, played by Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson (very tense and quivering) is forty and a cynical journalist. Another, played by Miss Rosemary Scott, from being the beauty of the family and an obvious "glittering prizer" in the matter of husbands, has married a nasty little bounder who bullies her and is as mean as he is rich. Mr. Mervyn Johns made him an unforgettable and Quilp-like figure.

The enthusiastic young socialist daughter (Miss Molly Rankin) is a prim school-mistress and as sour as vinegar. The bright baby of the family (Miss Eileen Erskine) is dead. Only Mrs. Conway—Miss Barbara Everest's performance is exquisite—remains much the same. The same, too, is her other son, Alan, whom one instinctively mentions last, owing to the author's clever picture of self effacement and to the equal ingenuity of Mr. Raymond Huntley, who plays the part.

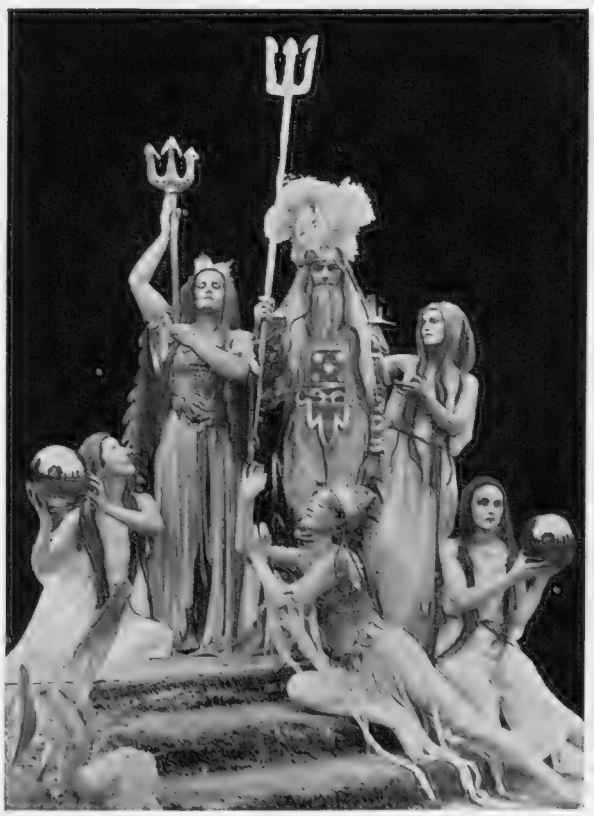
But most of them are rather poor and all (except, of course, Alan) are rather quarrelsome. After this family conference—the best I have seen since that in Pinero's *His House in Order*—the journalist daughter, now more tense than ever, is told by Alan (and by Blake) that there is no need to worry, the years have not really been wasted, the past belongs to the future and the present to both and so forth. I could not, I fear, believe a word of this and it made the act a little too long. But this act is, none the less, a noble piece of work.

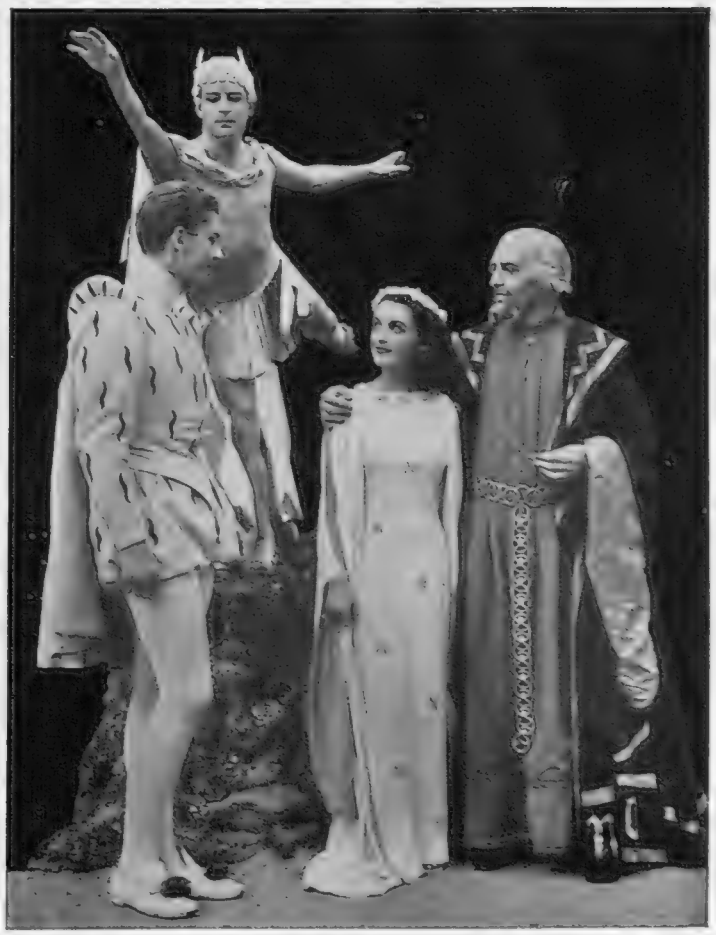
Act III is a case of "as you were." We are back in that evening in 1919. Mercifully the charades are over. The Conways are a cheery and contented crew over the just-before-bed tea-cups. Even Robin is drinking tea. All are looking forward to a happy future. Only the Forbes-Robertson daughter has misgivings. Did she dream for a moment? Did she step into the future as those two old ladies in *An Adventure* stepped into the past?

Perhaps it was just the journalistic instinct.

"Under the Red Robe" (Film). — One of the memories of early childhood was seeing at the Haymarket a version of Stanley Weyman's romantic cloak-and-sword drama, *Under the Red Robe*. This has now been filmed, and comes under the category of British films in spite of the fact (or, possibly, because of it) that the producer is American, the director a Swede, the camera-man a Chinaman, and the designer a Swiss, and that Mr. Conrad Veidt, that sturdy John Bullish figure, plays Gil de Berault, and Annabella, who is French but speaks French of an original type, is the beautiful Lady Marguerite.

JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S PERIOD PIECE: Fourteen-year-old Annabel Maule gives a noteworthy performance as Sheila, the stage-struck child, and Carol Goodner is also in good form in the title-role of *Gertie Maude*, the new play at the St. Martin's, which has as its theme the tragedy of a chorus girl of *The Quaker Girl* cum *Merry Widow* epoch





"THE TEMPEST"—AN OLD FAVOURITE AT THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE: *Above*—Neptune and his courtiers and (*right*) Ferdinand (Robert Eddison), Ariel (Leslie French), Miranda (Janet Johnson), and Prospero (Ion Swinley) in this latest Shakespearean production in Regent's Park which, in its décor, is characterised by the black and white motif which Mr. Robert Atkins has recently favoured. Leslie French makes a first-class Ariel with his cleverly studied use of formal movement

WESTWARD HO! Frederick Lonsdale, author of those smart and often witty comedies of social life, at Waterloo before his departure on the *Normandie* boat-train for America where he may be producing a new play

OLYMPIA HIS FOR THREE WEEKS: Mr. Alex Moody, organiser of the Radio Show ever since its inception eleven years ago, had the biggest task of his career in preparing for this year's display with its countless stands, fifteen television theatres, and exhibitors' club

STEWART ROME WEDS: The stage and screen actor with his bride, Miss Grace Millar, of Southern Rhodesia, after their marriage at Petersham Church, Surrey. Mr. Rome has been in films since the very early days having made his screen debut in 1912 as the villain in *Justice*

The WORLD *of* BOOKS

Overbearing Parents Provide the Theme for Two New Novels: Giles Playfair Makes "Copy" from Intimate Memories of His Father

By VERNON FANE

TWO books this week deal with the tyranny, in both cases unsuccessful, of parents to their growing children. The first illustrates this in the case of a mother who has had a brilliant career in business and personal relationships, and aims at the same for her daughter. The second shows a father who, having had a puritanical upbringing, is just as overbearing with his children in urging them to have a good, free, untrammelled time.

PELICAN WITHOUT PIETY (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is Miss Ann Stafford's view of the problem of mother and child, in this case more exactly mother *versus* child. Kitty Hereforde on her daughter's twenty-first birthday presents her with a London flat, and with her freedom. She goes further and urges her to enjoy herself without any home interference. "A flat of your own—a life of your own", as she expresses it with more enthusiasm than originality.

Angel, however, is appalled. She had hoped for a new racquet, a spaniel pup, or at the most a cheque. The idea of such empty independence is positively frightening. It is such an amusing situation and Miss Stafford has a good time with it. Angel dutifully consents to being "exploited" like the girl in *The Water Gypsies*, and finally marries a monosyllabic aeroplane pilot. Her mother has appendicitis, loses her looks and her current lover, but is capable of dealing even with these calamities, and the story ends as she tries out a new platform pose, one hand "flung out in a little gesture that invited confidence".

Confidence would be the last thing I should offer that redoubtable lady, but she has my respect as the *raison d'être* of an entertaining novel.

MORNING TELLS THE DAY (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) has a story with less frivolity but with the same conviction of the fallibility of parents. If they are narrow-minded bigots then they give their children a bad time. If they are determined that the child shall know no restrictions, enjoy itself and discard conventions, then they are liable to drive a normally reticent child into a state of screaming nerves. Either attitude is tyrannical since it presupposes that the child shall do, and like, what the parents enjoy themselves. It is a neat point, neatly scored by Miss Barbara Goolden.

Her novel concerns a large family, each of whom in their own final analysis has had his life spoiled by interference. Parental interference, of course, since for the purposes of this argument no other is as effective.

A bluff, over-genial father, pressing a fiver into the hands of his shrinking son and telling him, with a wink of tremendous and scandalous significance to go off and enjoy himself; a supremely practical mother, pausing between committee meetings to explain logically to her child of four that when the light is out there is "no difference except in your imagination," neither of these parents is likely to make a success of raising a family and neither of them does.

When they are grown up, their children have at the best an attitude of tolerant amusement towards them; at the worst, a deep resentment. Throughout the story, like a simple and comforting counter-melody, runs the life of the family's nanny, a calm realist with a narrow, happy outlook.

I can recommend this with the greatest confidence to either parents or the children of those parents, which is, by and large, a fairly extensive field.

It is a wise child that knows his own father, though in these days when the fashionable first-biographers bid to outnumber the first-novelists there is little to restrain the sons of famous men cashing in upon their more intimate memories.

So great a man of the theatre as Sir Nigel Playfair surely deserves the tribute of a more definitive biography than the "intimate portrait" contained in the reminiscences of his twenty-six-year-old son. What Mr. Giles Playfair got up to at Harrow and at Oxford are, I have no doubt, of absorbing interest to the young gentlemen who enjoyed the privilege of his company at those seats of learning. The rest of us, called upon to pay 10s. 6d. for a copy of **MY FATHER'S SON** (Bles), may be forgiven if we remain unmoved by the author's sufferings in the Harrow O.T.C. or by his much publicised ballooning exploit at the Oxford Gas Works in the company of Miss Tallulah Bankhead.

"I realise that my capabilities are limited," says the author in what is meant to be a disarming preface, but undergraduate antics lose none of their fatuity in pompous retrospect at twenty-six. If, instead of writing about him with such a wealth of reminiscent egotism, this son of a great father were to consider Sir Nigel's qualities of unassuming integrity to be worth more than a quest for notoriety, he may yet live to regret the publishing of this book.

I had the good fortune to read Dr. A. J. Cronin's **THE CITADEL** (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) immediately on its publication and before it had achieved its present status as one of the current best sellers. Its success is very natural, since it fulfils exactly the great demand for "inside information" that is now apparent, to judge by publishers' lists. It might have had as a sub-title, "Harley Street De-bunked," though it is more than that, and less at the same time.

Dr. Cronin's story concerns a young Scottish doctor whose first practice is in a Welsh mining village, a place in which the only efficient doctor besides young Andrew Manson is ill and helpless, and the others are lazy and indifferent. Manson works hard, manages one or two reforms, marries the local, and charming, school-mistress, and makes his way to a new and more prosperous post.

From there the next step is London, and in London, by the merest chance he finds the beginning of a very lucrative practice, lucrative that is to say, if he can stifle his conscience and become that creature he has always despised, a fashionable doctor.

Morally, as Dr. Cronin shows us with the most emphatic of verbal gestures, this is a step down, and Manson is soon neglecting his excellent wife, having an affair with a decorative and worldly woman and generally raising Cain. Retribution follows, and retribution in the biblical style with no half measures. Manson quarrels with the man who has brought him some of his best cases, loses his wife in a street accident and finds himself without a practice. The book ends with the hero turning towards better things, intensive research work, and peace of mind.

Dr. Cronin's attack on "smart" doctors and on their co-operation with "smart" surgeons is undoubtedly the *clou* of the whole thing, and whether or not one takes it seriously, it is undoubtedly a stimulating interlude. His individual characters are not quite so successful. All of them are a little larger than life and a little too definitely villains and heroes and comics and fools. Things are seldom as well sorted as that in everyday life, it seems to me. But the book is immensely readable, as some thousands of people are proving at this very moment.

Another book about the American civil war, but this time from a less familiar angle. The lovely girls, loyal or faithless but all bewitching, are there, and so is the young soldier, the old southern colonel (temporarily de-moted to major), the battle scenes and the worse horrors of field hospitals. What is new is the author's sympathy with the Northern army when one has become so used to the romanticising of the South.

BOY IN BLUE (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) tells the story of a young man who fought for the Federal army, and who came from a family of hard-bitten, Indiana farmers. The elegant life of the southern aristocracy has no place in this book. Robert's infrequent leaves at home are spent in an atmosphere of bible thumping, family jealousies, and furtive love-making. There is no humour, no lightness, but a well-told story of battles and murders and escapes, which relies on the drama of its war scenes for its success.

Mr. Royce Brier is not concerned with people as much as with events, but he has written an unusual book, and a vivid one.

"Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still turns to thee."

John Gay's lines are illustrated in Miss Doreen Wallace's new novel, **THE FAITHFUL COMPASS** (Collins. 7s. 6d.) by a young girl, the pretty daughter of a country doctor, with a great capacity for devotion and an equally single-minded swain.

Unfortunately, although the young man's love is as ardent as can be, Marianne is oblivious of him and concentrated, with almost inhuman fixity, on the rich and flighty village squire. The story, with farmer Rodney loving Marianne, Marianne loving Hilary, Hilary entertaining a succession of beautiful ladies, and a visiting novelist's wife prepared to take on Rodney, becomes an endless chain of misunderstanding and frustration.

Only Marianne, who knows what she wants and is prepared to wait ten years or more for it, achieves a happy ending, which is the least she deserves after her untiring efforts in self-control and fidelity.

None of the characters is particularly sympathetic, in spite of their absorption with what is held to be one of the tenderer emotions, but this may be due to the clarity with which they all understand and express their states of mind. They are hard, because they are all so purposeful, there is no indecision or capriciousness to blur their outlines,

(*Continued on page* 390)

WINTER BRIGHTNESS

Shut Out Cold Grey Days And Make Your Rooms Blaze with Colour

Here is something very new and practical. A cotton-satin with massed bouquets in glorious colours on a pastel ground, the general effect extremely like a chintz, but with this added advantage. That cotton-satins do not need re-finishing when they are cleaned. This is a "Rosebank" fabric, 50 ins. wide, and fadeless

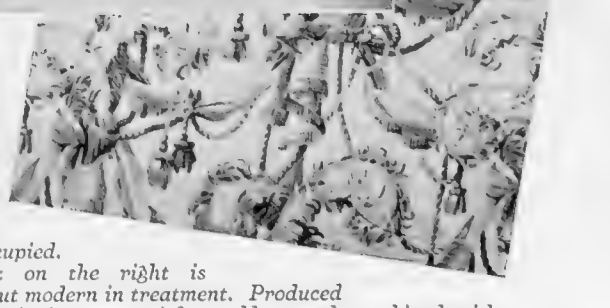
THE psychological effects of colour are so great that it is impossible to over-estimate their power. They can stimulate or soothe. They can create depression or happiness.

Already the bare white rooms of the last few years have disappeared into the past. Pastel walls remain, but pictures are coming into their own again—a few, well chosen and well hung. And curtains are no longer merely overtoned, but show definite designs in massed colours that make them modern masterpieces

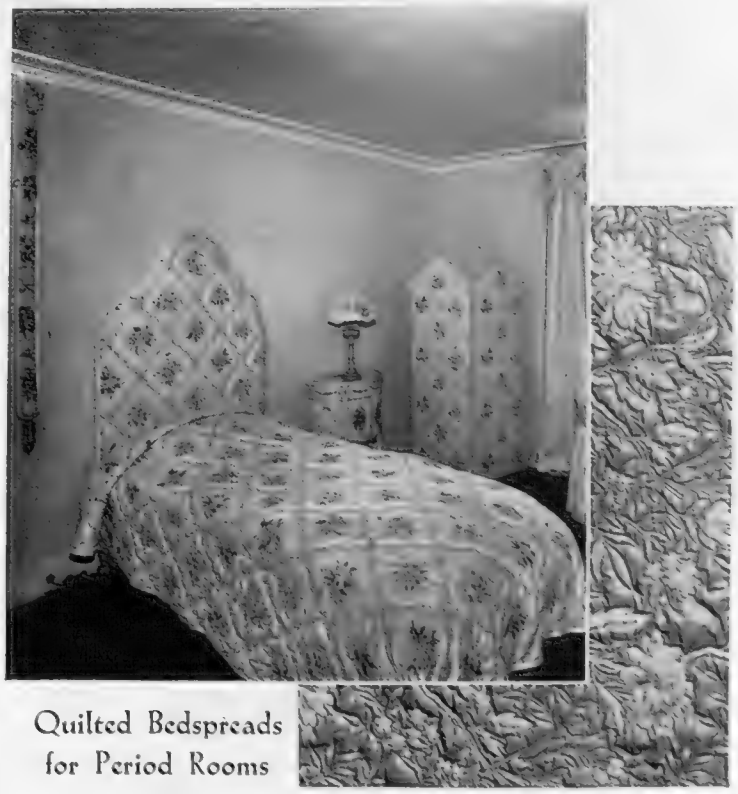
For a timbered cottage or a country mansion nothing could be more perfect than the heavy linen shown on the right. Patterned with an old needlework design which yet is modern in general feeling, this too is a "Rosebank" fabric, and is guaranteed absolutely fadeless. They have a remarkably fine range of hand-printed period fabrics which are indispensable in old houses

Beneath the small picture at the foot of this page is a quilted chintz that is made in exquisitely subtle colours, and has a bloom like a shell. It has been treated, so that it remains clean and is waterproof, and it is 31 ins. wide

Fabrics that are Works of Art



There can be no doubt about the popularity of Regency rooms. It is a period with which every noted interior decorator seems to be preoccupied. The glazed chintz on the right is Regency in design but modern in treatment. Produced on linen, the design is in green, pink, or blue, each combined with gold on white. It also is one of the "Rosebank" fabrics, which include damasks, cotton reps, and modern weaves, at widely varying prices, all of which can be obtained practically everywhere



Quilted Bedspreads for Period Rooms

SPANNING THE SOOCHOW CREEK: A graceful three-arch bridge on the upper reaches of that important commercial water-way which before its junction with the Whangpoo River runs through the heart of the Shanghai International Settlement. A picture sent to "The Sphere" by a reader in China

MÄDCHEN IN UNIFORM (Continued from page 374)

Barcelona. Here we are plumb in the atmosphere of the French Revolution when women were in the van of most things. When a nation cracks in chaos as in Spain and all standards and values are thrown to the winds young women can do pretty well what they like, or what their men like, in the way of joining up. These young Spanish women soldiers were untrained and could not have been much use—in fact a Frenchman of the International Brigade, on leave, told me they were merely in the way. Whether a better showing will be made in the new Government armies scheduled to appear between October and April, remains to be seen. The miliciennes, now trained, are not to fight as units but sprinkled among the Governmental battalions.

As against this, young Spanish women have been most useful in support of the Madrid defence, and it is no rarity to see scores of girl secretaries at work in the trenches round University City. Franco has confined his use of women strictly to hospitals and to their making blankets and kit for the troops.

In Paris, I interviewed a leading politician who some years ago was closely concerned with a law mobilising the whole nation in time of war.. The trouble with many French laws is that they remain merely—laws. That they are apt to pass into oblivion after having shone briefly with much verbal lustre. Legally, every woman in the Republic over twenty-one years of age is liable to be called up for service but after several years there is not the faintest sign of any machinery having been devised to put such a law even partially into operation. Yet France is passing through the thin manpower years.

"In practice, there would be no great change as regards the utilisation of women in wartime," I was told, "except possibly in connection with the rapidly rising feminine Youth organisations. In the main we should keep as of old, to relying upon women to sustain agriculture and war factory work and, of course, hospital staffing. But remember that Frenchwomen can make highly intelligent secret agents! One or two were even dropped from aeroplanes last time!"

This brings one to perhaps the most novel and interesting feature of the projected use of German women in the military sense. At the universities girls are being trained to act as "Intelligence auxiliaries." They are selected for their intelligence, physique, character, and spirit. Their main duty will be to aid in staffing the many offices connected with the Intelligence Service in all its aspects, at headquarters and in mobile conditions, thereby releasing a small army of male clerks, secretaries, censors, draughtsmen, maps personnel, interpreters, telephone, telegraph and wireless operators, and heaven knows what else these times, for first-line service. It will be giving nothing away at this time of day to mention that towards the end we had no fewer than fifty-seven different sub-sections of Intelligence, *not* all spy stuff! That was just one branch, B.

The fact that Fräulein is being taught map reading and field wireless suggests that she would also be employed in a follow-up role, while one sees no reason why she should not further emerge as Information officer among the civilian population "taken over." Whether she could interrogate prisoners is open to question. But I do seem to remember being passed at the War House, in languages, by a beauteous young thing. Yes, there is an opening for Hitler Maidens in "I"; quite apart from the hidden female eye and ear that is already operating in a trained manner in foreign countries.

Are German girls being prepared for service in the air? Why all this enthusiasm for gliding? Girl students putting up fresh records?

What is certain is the Fräulein would not be used anywhere on the ground fighting zone: that would be against the masculine Nazi code. No doubt the intention is that the 2,000,000 enrolled Hitler Maidens, or, rather the senior among them, should carry on a considerable amount of the domestic task of the Nazi State did this go to war. Relief and welfare. Besides keeping the home fires burning and acting up to Göring's "tired warrior" precept, young German women would take over all that kind of work done by our Women's Institute, only on an intensified scale. They would also contribute to the maintenance of the essential war industries, tend the land and staff the munition factories. "Not fewer than 20,000 trained nurses" are further being provided for. Another quota is listed to serve as drivers and mechanics—and recollect that the Reich possesses civilian motor-army-corps-in-waiting, counting 150,000 members. That's what you see on the roads—that was. Just exercising.

"Go forth and multiply," the Duce recently and charmingly adjured 60,000 delirious women summoned to Rome from all parts of Italy. That's about it, with Italy, in the matter under review. After all, Signor Mussolini has told us that he can conjure 8,000,000 bayonets to-morrow, so what does he want with feminine war waging? The Italians have ever considered that the prime interest of women should be sex and its results.

Hitler is due to get more out of his young women than is his opposite number in Rome. The firm, calm Nordic type of girl lends herself, whereas physiologically Italian women are quite unfit to perform what women of northern climes may accomplish.

As a postscript, there should be ample male labour for war production, to the extent that women's war work would not be required on anything like the scale it was last time.

MAIDEN CASTLE (Continued from page 383)

by an enormous thickening and strengthening of the defences of Maiden Castle, including the addition of the outer rings of ramparts.

These are on so lavish a scale that some have presupposed a strange tyrant, a megalomaniac of genius, who built these spreading walls as much for his own glory as for his safety. But there is a more prosaic possible explanation. Changes in defensive armaments normally follow the introduction of a new weapon. The weapon in this case was the sling, which has an effective range of 100 yards or so. The new ramparts were spread broad enough to keep attacking parties just beyond sling-shot of the inhabited city.

The defenders, too, made full use of the sling. Near the massive eastern gate the excavators found an arsenal, so to speak, of more than 20,000 sling-stones.

The Romans disarmed Maiden Castle, dismantling the gateways, and driving a new road into the citadel, without removing the people. But this last stage did not continue for long. The Britons were either transported or drifted away to the new Roman settlements in the valleys. By the end of the first century A.D. Maiden Castle had begun its long sleep.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 388)

and although they are easy enough to visualise, they are almost impossible to like.

Miss Wallace writes as well as ever, and even if this is not my favourite among her books, it is distinguished and interesting. Her scene this time is Cumberland, and for its wilder beauty she has as true a sense as for the Suffolk of her earlier stories. The Cumberland games, hunting over the fells, lambing, farm life, and the small circle of country life, all these are presented faultlessly and with the warmth that the author denies her characters. Not a book to cherish, but in many respects an admirable book.

Mr. F. S. Smythe is one of the greatest of living mountaineers. He was the leader of the final climbs in the 1933 and 1936 Everest expeditions, and he is as familiar with the ranges of European Alps, which he generally refers to as hills, as you or I might be with the Hog's Back.

THE MOUNTAIN SCENE (Black. 12s. 6d.) is a collection of his photographs, with little text apart from the explanation which faces each picture. In these he gives the details of the scene, the way in which the photograph was taken, and very often the kind of film and stops used.

Many of the photographs are magnificent, though often Mr. Smythe apologises unnecessarily for "a rather muddled foreground" or for "the best I could do," and in many cases too they must have been taken from the most precarious of positions, in which photography had all the perils of big game shooting.

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BRITAIN'S NEW LUXURY LINER: *Above*—A full length view of the twin-screw, 23,390-ton Orient vessel, *Orcades*, which is now on her maiden trip—a pleasure cruise to the Adriatic—and (*right*) the open-air swimming bath with its azure tiles, flanking dressing-rooms, and bar in background. This graceful ship, built by Vickers-Armstrong, Ltd., at Barrow-in-Furness, is remarkable for many improvements in design, giving increased amenities to passengers and crew; but what attract most attention are her single funnel and single mast, both unusual in a liner of her size. The interior decorations have been carried out by Brian O'Rorke

This England . . .

The Quantocks—from the road to Bagborough

DO the little lanes of England sometimes wind about for fun? Slopes they must take easily for the sake of horse and load . . . and skirt the marshland . . . and keep below the skyline on the downs, to see and not be seen. But has the countryman ne'er made a turn, the better to enjoy a well-loved view—and so added his twist to the way between Hither and Yon? For he loves his countryside as greatly as you or I, and with perhaps a deeper gratitude for its rich and lovely gifts. Certainly does he like his Worthington as well as we—and with perhaps a greater understanding of whence its richness comes.

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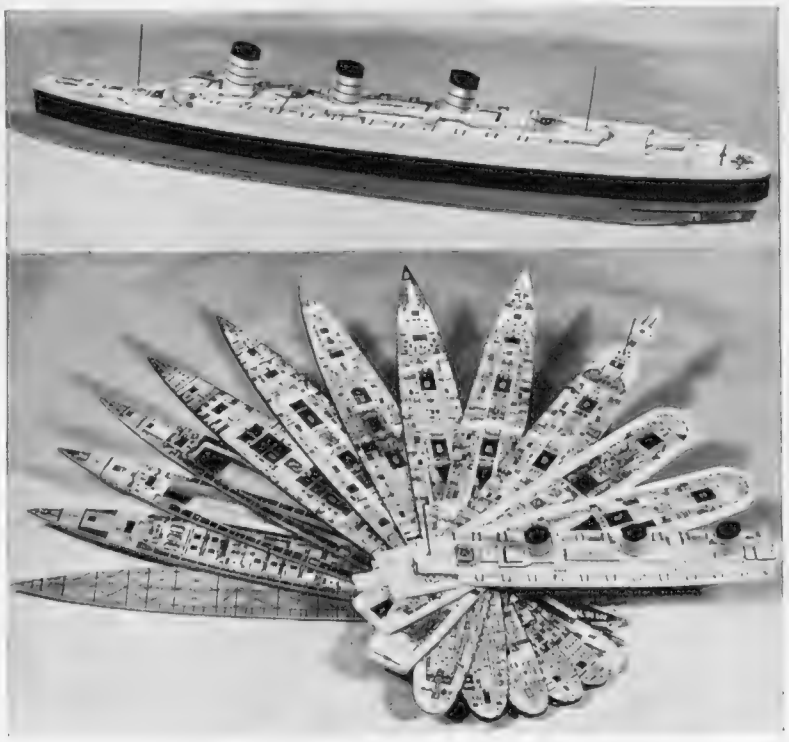

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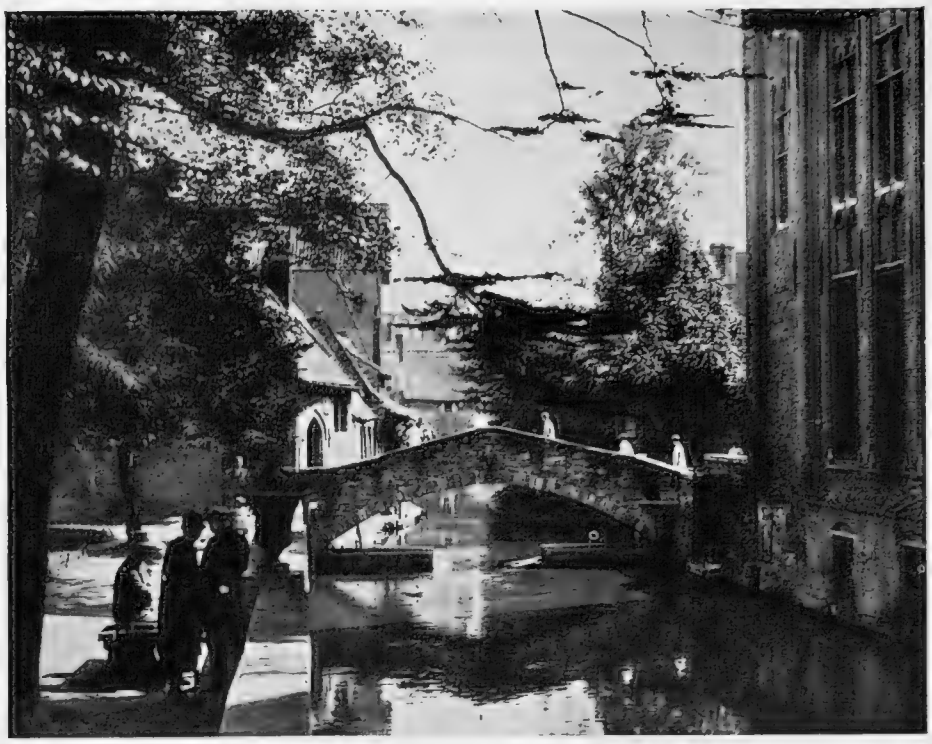


BRUGES IN THE NEWS: This old town, with its secluded waterways, is at the moment in the midst of celebrations to mark the quincentenary of the birth of Hans Memlinc

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

A Coming Exhibition in Belgium: Autumn in the Swiss Alps: Seeing Rural France After a Paris Visit

DOINGS in Belgium.—This late summer and early autumn a variety of interesting events are taking place in Flanders. At Bruges, for instance, there is being celebrated the quincentenary of the birth of Hans Memlinc, to whose brush, you may remember, we are indebted for the lovely shrine of St. Ursula and a number of pictures in the hospital of St. John. Plays are being performed at the foot of the old belfry and the world-famous carillon is ringing out in honour of Bruges' great painter. Then Namur is holding an exhibition of Félicien Rops' pictures—by many connoisseurs he is considered the Baudelaire of pictorial art. From November 13 to 15 the Festival of Flemish Literature is taking place at Brussels and will be attended by famous writers from all over the world. It is perhaps a little previous to mention that in 1939 the "Greater Liége" Society is organising an international exhibition specialising in everything connected with water. This sounds great fun, though one hopes the weather will be warm if the carnival spirit is to be given full play.

The Bernese Oberland.—It is a source of continual amazement to me why there are any cows in Switzerland; that is if the people who tell me that the leaves of the autumn crocus are deadly poison do not lie. For soon the high meadows of the Alps will be rosy with the multitude of these flowers. Which is a reminder that Switzerland, beautiful at all times, is not least so in early autumn when there is hot sun by day and a refreshing nip in the air at sunset. Also there is such a variety of climate in Switzerland. Grapes and figs flourish on the warm banks of the lake of Thun, or, if you take the Jungfrau railway you will soon find yourself in arctic surroundings. Easy of access as is Switzerland by air the "Alpar" service provides as splendid a means of seeing the countryside as of quickly getting from place to place.

After the Exhibition.—The Exhibition at Paris has received nothing but praise from all who have visited it, and an enormous number of people have gone on from the capital to visit other parts of France. For them French railways have published *Voyages*, a magazine which makes interesting reading, since it suggests various tours for which special facilities are being given and reductions made. Among these I like the idea of the motor-bus trips organised by the Chemins de Fer d'Alsace et de Lorraine through the Vosges which start from Strasbourg and visit such places as Mont St. Odile with its grand views, the vineyards of Ribeauville, and Riquewhir, and Grand-Ballon, the highest point in the Vosges. Then special tickets at reduced prices are being issued by the P.L.M. to Savoie-Dauphiné, Auvergne, and Franche-Comté among others. Some of these trains are limited to second and third class. Or there is a three-day trip from Paris to Brittany, from Vannes to Morlay, for 375 fr. inclusive. Certainly touring is being made even easier than usual in France this summer.

The Austrian Rivers.—One of the pleasantest ways of seeing a countryside is to travel by water, and the perfection of the kayak type of canoe has led to the rise of a sport which bids fair to rival mountaineering in the thrills which it gives and the skill required to conquer one of the strongest of natural forces. In many ways this comparatively new sport provides the delights to reach which the climber strives upwards, glorious scenery, physical exercise, solitude. It was natural too that Austria should lead. Except for Norway and Sweden she has more beautiful rivers than any other European country with the added advantage of length. There are, for instance, the Inn, the Salzach, and Saklach in the northern part of the country, the Mur in Styria, the Drau in Carinthia, and the Traun. On trips by some of these rivers too, you can visit various of Austria's lakes, on the Drau the Carinthian lakes, by the Enns the Leopoldsteiner See. Such a holiday has also the merit of great cheapness and simplicity.

ANNE OF BRITTANY'S HOME AT MORLAIX: The half-timbered, medieval dwelling famed for its association with the Duchess who was married to two Kings of France—Charles VIII and Louis XII

A Railway Extension.—I notice that the first English tourists have travelled by the daily service just opened between Arvidsjaur and Jokkmokk in Lappland thus making possible an inland approach to this attractive resort. Blasé travellers may be familiar with cows on the line in many parts of the world but a reindeer holding up a train is surely a novelty and it is not everywhere that you see wolves by the trackside. Lappland is thrilling in its wildness, its scenery, and its nomad people.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

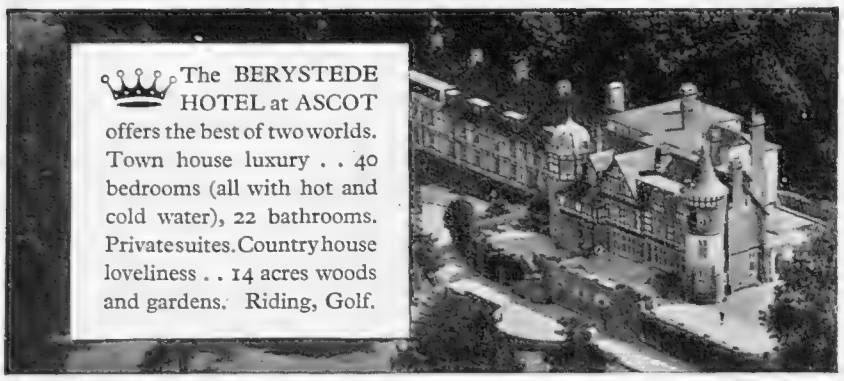
Madeira and Cyprus.—We believe that Madeira would fulfil all your requirements as it enjoys a delightful climate the whole year round and the average temperature for January, which is the coldest month, is 61 deg. Fah. You need have no hesitation in going there as it is not affected by the situation in Spain and is in fact 500 miles off the coast of Portugal. There are a British club and English church at Funchal, good tennis and bathing and quite a big English colony, so that you will not be bored. The Savoy is a very comfortable hotel and special terms would certainly be made for a prolonged stay. Jones' Bella Vista Hotel also is liked by English visitors.

The climate of Cyprus would also suit you if it is not too far afield. It is best reached either via Athens or Port Said. It can be rather cold during January and February, but it is very dry and really delightful up to Christmas, and from the end of February to May. If you stayed in Nicosia you would not lack company.

Near Marseilles.—Cassis is unfortunately terribly crowded most of the year nowadays; it is to Marseilles what Brighton is to London and motor-coaches run to and fro all the time. It is most difficult to find any moderately quiet place along this coast at all; but if you did not go in the height of the season, we think you would like La Ciotat or Bandol—neither so fashionable as the pamphlet would imply. A small hotel at La Ciotat is Bel-Ombra; there are only twenty rooms but they all have running water and there is tennis. The full pension terms are 35 francs to 50 francs per day. At Bandol there is the Grand Hotel which charges 45 francs to 80 francs inclusive and we are inclined to think that Bandol would suit you better than La Ciotat. We do not think you will find anything like Portofino.

Athens.—Athens is extremely cheap at the moment. There is a Lloyd Triestino service from Trieste to Athens direct, and both Italian and Greek boats ply from Brindisi three or four times weekly. If you have time, we warmly recommend you to take a slow service from Brindisi calling at the islands. The second class is very comfortable and not expensive. If you travel on a Greek boat you must go first class. There is a British club at Athens, and a comfortable simple hotel is the Mistra.

On right—THE EVZONES OF ATHENS: The picturesquely clad royal guards who are such a feature of State pageantry in the Greek capital



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In Quest of

More Journeyings in What Torquay

LAST week I threw out some suggestions for those westward bound in September or later and though I comprehensively covered the ground as far as strategic halting places for lunch were concerned, I was not able, owing to limitations of space, to go beyond a line drawn from Saunton Sands in North Devon to the red cliffs of Torquay in the South.

Even then I had to leave over mention of Torquay, a town which was probably described by the old fashioned guide books as a "salubrious watering place"; a phrase which could easily be misconstrued when applied to certain resorts which seem to get an unfair share of wet weather. But so that there can be no element of doubt as far as Torquay is concerned I will improve on the guide book of old by defining it as a "mouth-watering place." The climate is good, the town good-looking. It is an excellent striking-off ground for excursions to Dartmoor, the valley of the Dart, and a coastline of delicious contrasts. No wonder that Torquay's chief industry is hotel keeping, but no wonder the general public are a bit bewildered in making a choice for the majority seem to have "the most favoured position," a phrase which could have as wide an interpretation as "watering place."

Position is undoubtedly an attraction but it is performance that really counts, for of what use is "a unique position" unless hand in hand with it there are comfort, personal attention, and a quality of cuisine? Only last week I received a letter from a lady who had been attracted to a certain hotel by reason of its picture and was woefully disappointed. She wrote:—

"I have twice stayed at . . . because I think it has by far the nicest position. Their terms are 4½–7 guineas yet only once in three weeks did I have cucumber and egg in a salad, there was no coffee after dinner, and although there was a notice in the office to say we could send cream by post I was there ten days before I saw any on the table."

Would that that lady had got in touch with me earlier. For I write only from personal knowledge. I can vouch for what I recommend and in Torquay I know excellent hotels of various categories ranging from the five-star hotel of 8 to 10 guineas down to the 2 guineas inclusive terms offered by an unpretentious hotel which has made a feature of catering for those who are on the look out for permanent winter residence and whose purse is not in keeping with their standing.

Some of the principal Torquay hotels, such as the Torquay Hydro Hotel, Lincombe Hall, Roslin Hall, have been described in this column before. The Grand, a five-star hotel of particular excellence, will be the subject of a later article. But if you will write to me and tell me what priced accommodation you can afford, whether you want

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In the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating, and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request.

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Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

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FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yds.) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, open-air swimming pool, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

Illustrated brochure on request.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

England's Far West: What it has to Offer

somewhere essentially quiet or the opportunity of being gay, I have no doubt that I can help you.

But unless you know Torquay already you must bear in mind that, like Rome, it is situated on seven hills. "Torquay" as a postal address covers a wide area. Only a small proportion of the hotels are on the level and close to the shops. But many of those on the slopes and on the outskirts have overcome that geographical problem by providing free transport to and from the shops and entertainments, and so have shortened the distances.

My advice is, if you have been to Torquay in spring or summer, go there this autumn and winter. It's a different place. And if you have never been to Torquay, go there for much the same reason; it's different from any place to which you have been, and isn't change very desirable sometimes?

A SELECTION FROM ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E.P.K. (Tunbridge Wells).—I am unable to make any personal recommendations as regards Ireland as yet but a friend whose information is mostly reliable writes as follows: "I should advise your inquirer to get in touch with the Great Northern Railway Company in Dublin. They own a number of hotels, well patronised by the sportsman and by tourists. The Great Northern Hotel at Bundoran is a case in point. There are first-class golf there, good rough shooting and fly fishing and, being at the head of Donegal Bay on the western seaboard and warmed by the Gulf Stream, I would recommend it for an autumn holiday. Another suggestion is Greenore Hotel on the shores of Carlingford Lough. Here in addition to golf, shooting, and fishing there is mountain climbing thrown in. In the same neighbourhood is the Great Northern Hotel at Rostrevor. There's excellent motoring country around.

E.P.T. (Nottingham).—Yes, Bognor does lie right in the path of the sun. The best known hotel is the Royal Norfolk Hotel because of its first-class and pleasant old-fashionedness. But if you want some quite small place I can recommend you to Dalbeattie on the West Parade which caters only for a good class clientèle. The interior generally has been decorated and furnished with great taste. Although it has been open for only nine months I have already heard rumours of some enlargements. I hope not, for there are always certain people who prefer a quite small place of nine to twelve bedrooms.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.*

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THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON

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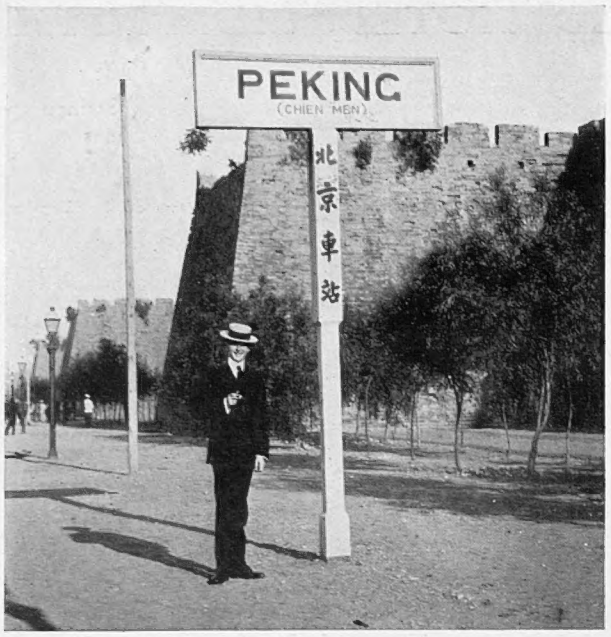

THE LATE SIR PERCIVAL PHILLIPS IN PEKING: How this picture of the famous war correspondent came to be taken is described by Mr. Inglis Sheldon-Williams, a "Sphere" artist of Russo-Japanese war days, in his notes on the right

A "Sphere" Correspondent in the Far East

The present Sino-Japanese conflict revives memories of the Russo-Japanese War, and it has prompted Mr. Inglis Sheldon-Williams, THE SPHERE'S special artist on that occasion, to send us the accompanying pictures and notes. "Despairing of the promised Japanese permit to join General Kuroki's army on the Yaloo river in Northern Korea," he writes, "I went to Newchwang in South Manchuria, hoping for major developments there against Port Arthur. At Shan-hai-kwan, under the Great Wall, I fell in with Percival Phillips of the *Express* (afterwards Sir Percival Phillips) who was in the same dilemma. Disappointed of big events on the Gulf of Liao-tong, we returned to Tokyo. Visiting Peking on the way, we photographed each other on the station platform there." On the left is the picture of Sir Percival taken on that occasion.

Referring to the picture on the left Mr. Sheldon-Williams writes: "The most striking thing in the appearance of a Chinaman to a foreigner used to be the *queue* or plaited tail from the hair of the crown, all the rest of the head being shaven. The picture was taken in Shanghai in 1904, and shows his normal appearance at that date. Once a mark of degradation imposed on the Chinese in 1627 by the conquering Manchus, all sumptuary and political dislike to the custom had long disappeared by 1911, when it was not without a pang that the majority of the male sex made the extreme sacrifice when the revolution at that time put an end to the *queue* except in the case of the Manchu pensioners, who were guaranteed many of their old rights."

"A MORNING GREETING FROM THE NURSERY": This drawing, which was reproduced in colour in the Christmas number of "The Sphere" in 1905, was the work of that well-known illustrator and poster artist, Frederick Pegram, whose death was announced only a few days ago. Pegram, whose representations of episodes in London plays so often appeared in this journal, had a brilliant career, his work appealing to a wide public. This particular drawing typifies the style he adopted in his English domestic scenes which he portrayed with a grace and facility that have rarely been equalled

A friend of Frederick Pegram, in an appreciation in The Times *last week, wrote: "He was one of the band of happy young men who flocked to the Westminster School of Art when Frederick Brown became the headmaster. The evening life class was at that time, about 1886, an amusing place. The room was small, hot, and not very clean, but the students included D. S. MacColl, Henry Tonks, Walter Russell, Charles Furze, Aubrey Beardsley, Anning Bell, Maurice Greifenhagen, George Frampton, and Pegram, who was our 'infant prodigy.' He was fifteen years old, a pale boy with a cigarette always in his mouth. I remember Tonks and myself standing behind him one night amazed at the boy's skill. He was doing a large drawing of the model in pen and ink with astonishing ease and sureness. For a long time Tonks tried his best to emulate him.*

"Pegram was then making pen and ink sketches for the Pall Mall Gazette. *Later he was taken on the staff of the* Pictorial World, *and for them made a series of drawings of the Parnell Commission, which were afterwards published in book form. I was with him at the Law Courts during the Commission, when the then Sir Charles Russell was making an impassioned appeal and Pegram unfortunately knocked over his inkpot.*

"In 1895 he married Jane Gray, who for many years after posed for his charming girls. In the early years of this century, when his brother-in-law, F. H. Townsend, became art editor of Punch, *he made many drawings for that journal. He also painted portraits in both oil and water colour, and before the war spent three winters in New York*

THE LATE FREDERICK PEGRAM

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Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
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Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
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Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
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Twyford.—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. Twyford 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
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(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

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Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.).—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

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Jersey.—Bornne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
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Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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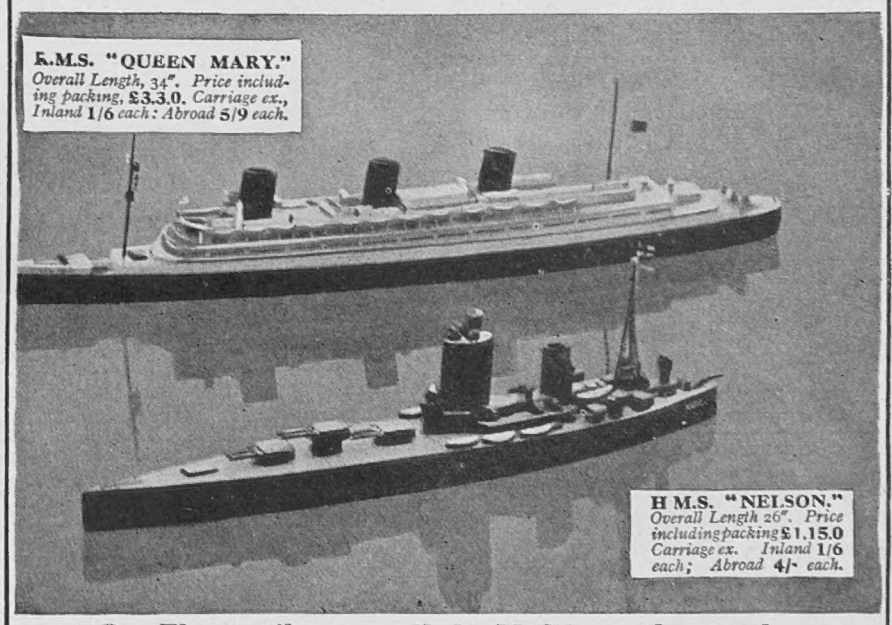

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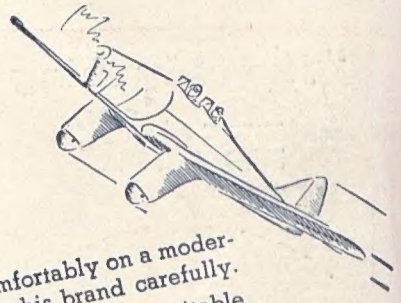

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